
Sports Illustrated
SEPTEMBER 3, 1973
60 CENTS
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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; James R. Shepley, President; Richard B. McKeough, Treasurer; Charles B. Bear, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean Islands $12.00 a year; military personnel anywhere in the world $8.50 a year; all others $16.00 a year

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Next week

COLLEGE FOOTBALL 1973 revives the perennial question who's No. 1? But the Top 20, made up of teams from the leading conferences and major independents, do not play all the football across this nation, where on any Saturday afternoon the action may be as furious in Spearfish, S. Dak. as it is in South Bend. A selection of the best small-college teams is set off by James Drake's photographs of out-of-the-way football and John Underwood's inspection of the famous old Wabash-DePauw rivalry. Plus news stories on pro football, major league baseball and the Hambletonian, and a preview of the Bobby Riggs-Billie Jean King confrontation.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Lamar Hunt had extra lights turned on in Dallas' Texas Stadium last week so SPORTS ILLUSTRATED photographers could better shoot the pro soccer finals in color, but it is unlikely that he expected the pictures to show an upset of his Dallas Tornado, which is what happened (*page 16*). We can only hope that he was cheered by what the Philadelphia Atoms' victory implies about the state of the sport in America. The astonishing success of a team that has consistently started more U.S.-born players than any other in the league, under the direction of the league's only American-born coach, is the most heartening sort of evidence that soccer is alive in this country and very well indeed.

As for another kind of football, on page 64 of this issue begins an excerpt from Larry Merchant's new book, *The National Football Lottery*. Merchant is a sports columnist for the New York *Post* by vocation and a small-stakes bettor by avocation. Or he was until last year, when he used a $30,000 advance from his publisher to gamble in the style of his most outrageous fantasies. The resulting book is a diary of Merchant's experiences from a week in Monte Carlo (for emotional training) through the NFL season and the Super Bowl. He finished well in the black.

Of his plans for the 1973 season Merchant says, "I wouldn't bet that much money again. It's an intense emotional experience, but it's a poor substitute for being able to feel about real things." He plans to return to his old ways by betting $100 on one game each week. "I'll double up as long as I'm winning," he explains. "Let the hundred ride as long as I dare. I won't be risking a big loss and I can test my theory that with only one game you'll hit a higher percentage.

"I enjoyed the high stakes in some ways," he says. "I was terribly involved, turned on all the time. I could feel myself feeling on a number of levels, and I was made aware of emotions I didn't know I had." For example, Merchant discovered he had a dislike for the Giants that bordered on hate. "As a columnist it was difficult to admit to myself that I didn't like the Giants, but as a gambler I found that I couldn't invest a piece of myself in them. I had a strong built-in prejudice."

Out of this realization Merchant evolved his Theory of Emotional Betting. Contrary to all established theories, he says to go ahead with emotional bets because "winning with a team you want to win, or betting against a team you want to lose, is a primary sensual experience. But you must admit your prejudices and indulge them realistically.

"You find out more about yourself when you win," Merchant observes. "I was startled at my anger at losing even when I was thousands ahead. I learned that when I was naturally buoyant from winning my expectations of other people were too high. And I discovered that people respond to you differently when you're winning, and then say *you* have changed."

We asked Merchant to offer a few predictions for this season. "The Bengals," he says, "won nine games against the line last year and should do the same or better. The Steelers and the Raiders are sometimes good bets because their strong defenses often hold teams to a touchdown or less and they beat the spread. The Redskins and Dolphins could be so popular that the spread dictates betting against them."

Of course, if you have a built-in prejudice against betting on the Bengals, the Steelers and the Raiders, and *for* betting on the Redskins and the Dolphins, you may be in trouble.

Jack Meyer

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

FUN AND GAMES OR WHAT?

Here is a thought-provoking comment by a professional athlete on the reaction of fans to his sport. Montreal Expo Pitcher Mike Marshall said recently, "Montreal has some of the most extreme fans of any city I've ever been in. When the team wins, they go berserk with excitement. When it's losing, they are the quickest to boo, hiss and complain.

"I wish a good sociologist would make a study of it. In my opinion, it indicates something is seriously lacking in their lives to put so much importance in their teams' winning or losing."

INITIAL DRAFT

World Team Tennis, the new rich kid on the pro court, held its first player draft recently, and some of its picks were heavy with territorial imperative: favorite daughter Chris Evert to Miami; John Newcombe to Houston, near his T-Bar-M tennis ranch; California resident Rod Laver to San Diego; ex-Northwestern star Marty Riessen to Chicago. Philadelphia, trying to avoid another loser, grabbed Billie Jean King.

Star players seem receptive to World Team Tennis, but questions keep popping up. Will Evert, a loyalist in the battle between the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association and the Virginia Slims tour, buck the USLTA now? The USLTA is under the umbrella of the International Lawn Tennis Federation, and rumors persist that the ILTF will suspend anyone who competes in the WTT. Further, will members of the Association of Tennis Professionals (ATP), who boycotted Wimbledon to gain voice in the administration of the game, sign WTT contracts that would commit them to a subordinate position? WTT apparently thinks not, for ATP leaders Stan Smith, Cliff Drysdale and Arthur Ashe were drafted 43rd, 53rd and 74th. Finally, where in the crowded pro tennis schedule can WTT fit its proposed three-month season? World Championship Tennis (WCT) controls play from January into May, and under the tennis peace treaty the remaining 7½ months of the year belong to the Davis Cup and ILTF-sanctioned tournaments.

WTT has not only brought more initials into tennis to compete with ILTF, USLTA, WCT and ATP (not to mention WITF and WTA, the women's groups), it may bring back WAR.

MOUTHS OF CHILDREN

Bill Mazeroski, now a coach with the Pittsburgh Pirates, has a 2-year-old son named David, who sits in the dugout and watches while the club takes batting practice. One day last week when the Pirates, who have been stumbling along below .500, had finished practice and were leaving the field, Mazeroski came and got David and began walking to the clubhouse. As he did, David looked up and asked, "Did we lose again, Daddy?"

PLUM SILLY

It used to be that the NFL rated passers only on their comparative performances in a given season. But the league has come up with a measuring rod that rates a passer against men of all seasons, even himself a year or more earlier. The NFL has explained in a press release, or tried to explain, what the new standard is and how it was arrived at, but after reading passages like this—"The 2.375 figure in average yards is 12.50, compared with the NFL record of 11.17, while to earn 2.375 in percentage of touchdowns a passer would have to achieve 11.9"—it is easier to nod your head and mumble, "mm-hmm, I see," even if you don't.

Boiled way down, every passer who has ever had his yardage counted has been measured again. From all this historical data a standard scale from best to worst has been established and converted into percentages. A passer with a rating of 60% on the scale is ordinary, an 80% passer excellent, a 100% passer well-nigh perfect. Well-nigh but not quite, because according to the new scale Roger Staubach reached 104.75 during Dallas' Super Bowl year, and Bart Starr in 1966 was even better: 105.1. The famous Sammy Baugh was 109.7 back in 1945, and the best of them all—a bit of a letdown here—was Cleveland's Milt Plum, with 110.4 in 1960.

As disconcerting as the intelligence that Plum had the single best season of any passer in history is the NFL's list of the 10 top career performances: 1) Len Dawson, 83.9; 2) Sonny Jurgensen, 82.4; 3) Bart Starr, 80.3; 4) Fran Tarkenton, 79.7; 5) John Unitas, 78.8; 6) Otto Graham, 78.1; 7) Frank Ryan, 77.7; 8) Sid Luckman, 75.8; 9) Norm Van Brocklin, 75.3, 10) Earl Morrall, 74.9.

Never mind John Unitas down there at No. 5 and Sid Luckman at No. 8 behind Frank Ryan. Where is Joe Namath? Bob Waterfield? Y.A. Tittle? Where is Baugh, who led the league in passing six times, completed 70.3% of his passes one year and averaged 56.5% for 16 seasons?

Back to the drawing board, NFL.

COLLEGE SPIRIT

Some colleges are antagonistic to pro football, but not the University of Tampa, whose president, Dr. Bob Owens, says, "The University of Tampa believes the Tampa area is ripe for pro football. We at U-T wish to help if we can."



He said the school's practice field and training facilities would be available for a pro team to use until it could build its own and added, "I would hope we can work together. We could cooperate on things such as season-ticket sales, developing lists, enriching the market."

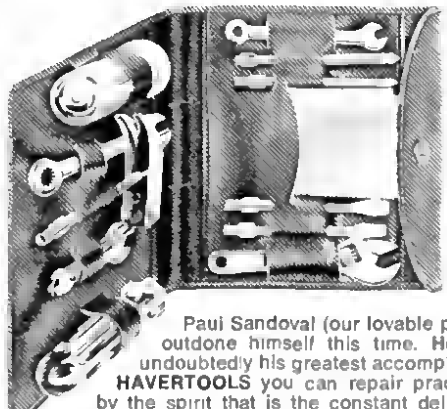
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The various groups trying to land the franchise have pledged cooperation with the university, and one even said it might try to arrange for the university to acquire a small percentage of the pro club to help finance its athletic program. "We would not be disinclined to consider such an investment," said Dr. Owens.

BAD BUSINESS

The ivory poachers who were always trying to shoot down Tantor the Elephant in the movies of the '30s are back. In Kenya it is reported that wild elephants are being illegally slaughtered by the hundreds for their tusks. A Kenya game department official says, "There are two reasons why elephant poaching has run wild. First, general monetary unrest in the world has led to hoarding of ivory as a stable commodity, especially in Hong Kong and Japan. Second, there is the ivory loophole for wealthy Europeans and Asians being forced out of the country. They are not allowed to export dollars or pounds sterling, but they can ship ivory out." By buying and exporting a single tusk, a man can send a thousand dollars out of Kenya. As a consequence, black-market ivory has gone up from $1.43 a kilo in 1971 to $21.43 a kilo now. Thus, to a poacher, a well-tusked elephant can be worth $3,000. Dead elephants are found with their faces hacked open and the tusks gone. Dhows—the graceful, shallow-draft Arab sailing vessels—come up creeks and rivers from the sea, load up with clandestine tusks and off-load onto cargo vessels outside the 12-mile limit.

KANSAS LIGHTNING

Bobby Floyd is a graduate of Lawrence (Kans.) High School who is headed for Texas Christian on a football scholarship. He was chosen to play with the East All-Stars in a Kansas high school East-West football game. He was also a pitcher and first baseman for the Lawrence Hawks in American Legion baseball. The Hawks were in a district tournament in Ottawa, Kans. Practice for the all-star football game was in Wichita, 150 miles away. Floyd therefore commuted from Wichita to Ottawa so that he could play in the baseball tournament, too.

After football practice one Monday, he drove to Ottawa and pitched a three-hitter. He made the same trip Tuesday and played first base. Did the same Wednesday for a doubleheader, which

continued

"Know what I'm doing?"



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All at the same time.

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"I was just talking to this agent, over at the Allstate booth.

"And he was telling me that I could get a discount on my auto insurance just because I've got one full-size car and a compact.

"I never knew that.

"So he's over there right now, figuring out how much he might save me with Allstate's Big-and-Little Car Discount.

"Who knows? I may not save enough to buy Marion a diamond tiara. But this might help pay for her dress. And maybe lunch.

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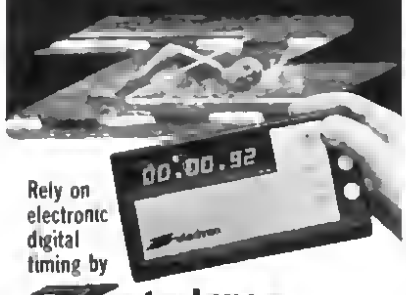


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Lawrence had to sweep to capture the district title. Floyd hit a three-run homer in the bottom of the 13th to win the first game, and another three-run homer in the first inning of the second game, which Lawrence won to take the title and move on to the state tournament.

The state tournament began Friday at McPherson, only 55 miles from Wichita, but on Friday the football coaches said no, because their game was that night. Floyd started in the defensive secondary but played on offense long enough to lead the East in rushing and set up its only touchdown. On Saturday he rested, and on Sunday he played only two innings of baseball. On Monday, at full throttle again, he pitched a three-hit shutout and hit a two-run homer as Lawrence won 3-0, and on Tuesday, when Lawrence was finally eliminated, he had one hit, scored two runs and pitched three innings of relief.

Wonder if there were any track meets he could have looked in on as he drove back and forth from Wichita?

GRAPHITE AGAIN

The excitement over graphite-shafted golf clubs (SCORECARD, April 30) has spilled over into fishing where, according to Jim Green of Fenwick Products, graphite fly rods and casting rods "will have such an astounding impact on the fisherman's performance that all of the old standards as we've known them will disappear or be changed." The great appeal of the graphite rod is its lightness in comparison to its stiffness. The graphites, because of their lighter weight and responsiveness, are remarkably sensitive. The only drawback is price: about $150 for a casting rod, $200 for a fly rod.

MUMBLE, MUMBLE, HUT!

A new college football rule may make the game less gabby and the quarterbacks less articulate. It requires that every player wear a mouth protector or a tooth guard, rather like the boxers wear. Not only do they protect the teeth but, according to physicians, they will help cut down on concussions.

What nobody seemed to foresee is that the mouthpieces make it much more difficult for the wearers to speak distinctly. One college coach says they raise problems for quarterbacks in particular, especially when they want to use an audible at the line of scrimmage, and also for players calling out defensive sig-

continued

Ashland Oil's 3rd Quarter 39% better than last year's record.

Sales and earnings up, dividend increased.

In the 3rd quarter ended June 30, Ashland Oil reported revenues of $518 million, and net income of $22.3 million – equal to 89 cents per share. This represents an increase of 39% over the same period in fiscal 1972 – until now, the best 3rd quarter in the company's history. Ashland's annual dividend on common stock was increased from $1.20 to $1.30 per share.

Consolidated figures for the first nine months of the year show revenues of $1.4 billion, and net income of $60.8 million – equal to $2.40 per share. At this point in time, it appears that results for fiscal 1973 will set new records for the second year in a row.

Ashland Chemical on way to record year.

Following a 43% increase in profits for the first six months of 1973, this division's 3rd quarter profits continue to move ahead. Sales of polyester resins increased by 99%. Carbon black and synthetic rubber volume increased by 14%. The Foundry Products Division's sales increased 34%, led by a 100% gain in the sale of patented Isocure® resins.

Ashland Canada increases production and profits.

For the 3rd quarter of fiscal 1973, Ashland Canada's net income was 18% ahead of last year's. The company is currently producing crude oil at the rate of 22,900 barrels a day versus 16,400 a year ago. Ashland Canada has 3.8 million net acres of petroleum and natural gas rights in western Canada, the Northwest Territories, the Arctic Islands and eastern Canada offshore areas with participation in 223 wells scheduled during the current year.

Ashland Resources profits from record backlog.

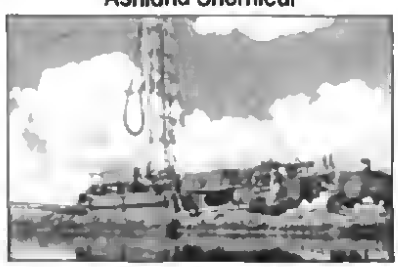
The road construction and construction materials operations continue at near record levels despite the prolonged bad weather in many areas. With a record backlog of contracts, the outlook for the remainder of the year is excellent. Arch Mineral Corporation, a 45%-owned affiliate, recently opened its seventh coal mine. Production will be sold under longterm contract to electric utilities.



Ashland Exploration



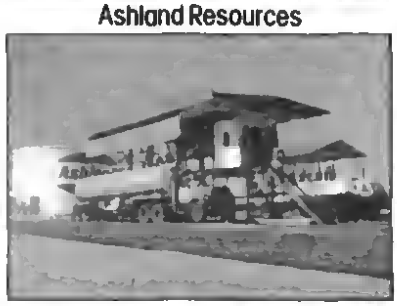
Ashland Chemical



Ashland Canada



Ashland Resources



Ashland Petroleum

Ashland Petroleum responds to energy crisis.

Ashland Petroleum's 3rd quarter activities were at record levels – reflecting continuing efforts to help meet the nation's increasing energy needs. Refinery runs averaged 337,000 barrels a day for the first nine months, an 18,700 barrel a day increase over the same period last year. Ashland Petroleum continues to be the largest supplier of gasoline to independent service stations, and is making a concerted effort to satisfy the needs of this vital segment of the petroleum industry.

A deeper look at Ashland Exploration.

Since 1967, Ashland has been involved in an aggressive exploration program to improve its ratio of crude oil production to refining capacity – a program that is now beginning to bear fruit. Domestically, the division has interests in producing oil and gas wells in 21 states. Major exploration and development activities are under way in the two tracts acquired at the Federal Offshore Louisiana Lease Sale of December 1972. Overseas, the division is concentrating on areas where substantial oil and gas reserves are likely to exist – the Persian Gulf, Indonesia, the British North Sea, Venezuela and Nigeria. In Nigeria, a joint venture agreement was recently signed with the Nigerian National Oil Company and exploration will be conducted on two blocks adjacent to currently producing fields. Offshore Abu Musa Island in the Persian Gulf, two wells recently tested at the total rate of 110,000 barrels of low-sulfur oil a day. A third well will soon be drilled from a new jackup rig.

We anticipate that exploration and development efforts will continue at a relatively high level in fiscal 1973. We believe this investment will help Ashland to continue breaking its earnings records in the years ahead. For a copy of our 3rd Quarter Report, write Ashland Oil, Inc., Dept. Q, Ashland, Kentucky 41101.

Ashland

Ashland Oil Inc. Ashland, Kentucky



nals Kansas has ordered special guards that enable quarterbacks to be heard more clearly over the roar of the crowd Of the standard tooth guards David Jaynes, Kansas quarterback, says, "You can give signals and instructions just as loud but it's harder to make yourself understood."

And, as is known to anyone who ever has stood along the sidelines at a football game, an awful lot of what might be called conversation threats, needling—goes on between opposing linemen This year, down in the pit, there may be just a lot of gluh-glubbing

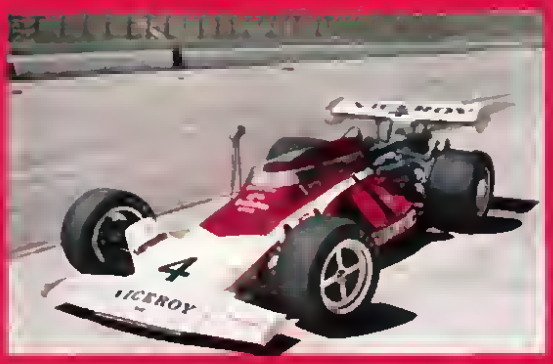
PASS THE POTASSIUM

"The use of salt for athletes has been overemphasized," says Dr. Richard L. Westerman of Kalamazoo, Mich., who with team trainer Charles Martin tested Northeast Louisiana University football players for two years. The athletes were divided into three groups, one taking water, a second taking water and salt tablets, a third taking a solution that included salt and potassium. The third group showed much the best reaction after vigorous practice sessions, indicating that not salt but potassium is the key. When potassium is lost, Dr Westerman says, the cells cannot function properly, and this creates fatigue and exhaustion

"Too much salt can hurt the body," the doctor says, "and regardless of how much salt an athlete takes, heavy work will still cause a potassium loss."

THEY SAID IT

- John McKay, Southern California football coach. "Behind every fired college coach stands a college president."
- Ralph Kiner, ex-ballplayer and current sportscaster, on how unexciting it is to watch Phil Niekro and other knuckleball pitchers "It's like watching Mario Andretti park a car."
- Clyde Hodges, 140-pound computer salesman and avid bridge player. "When I sit down to play bridge, I feel like Dick Butkus I want to hit. I don't see the opponent as a person but as a target, an object to be crushed."
- Don Fambrough, University of Kansas football coach, on what he can learn about his players in spring practice: "You can't really tell anything from spring practice It's like having your daughter come in at four o'clock in the morning with a Gideon Bible." END



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BIG D REDUCED TO ATOMS

Armed with Americans, Philadelphia's soccer team beat Dallas and became the most successful expansion club in pro sport

by EDWIN SHRAKE

The way Tom McCloskey remembers it, he was in Los Angeles for the Super Bowl last January with eight friends and no tickets. He was standing in a hotel lobby when Lamar Hunt, the Texas oil millionaire who has a weakness for new sports enterprises, learned of his problem. Lamar pulled nine tickets out of his pocket, fanned himself with them and said, "How would you like to have a soccer franchise in Philadelphia?" So much for what McCloskey thought nine Super Bowl tickets were worth.

McCloskey is in the construction business. Several years earlier he built the stadium where the new Philadelphia Atoms, the expansion team he agreed to start, would play their home games. Now, fresh back in Philadelphia from the Super Bowl, he had a team to build. With hardly a thought, McCloskey appointed Bob Ehlinger, a marketing vice-president in his firm, as general manager of his soccer club. Ehlinger obviously was qualified for the honor since he had been running up and down playing fields for more than 20 years as a college football official. While he had never seen a soccer game, he was bound to know a lot about running up and down.

Next, Ehlinger and McCloskey reasoned, they had to hire a coach, preferably one from the United States, which would give Philadelphia the only native-born coach in the North American Soccer League. The two approached Al Miller from Hartwick College in upstate New York. Twice Miller had been an All-America soccer player at East Stroudsburg State in Pennsylvania and his record at Hartwick had been outstanding. Miller was dubious about his professional chances at first, but became convinced McCloskey meant business after the owner broke a window in his house while trying to kick a ball past his son. Miller was moved to join the organization.

First off, Miller was sent to England to find players but also he was asked to recruit all the Americans he could, which suited him fine. He dug up the good college players he had seen, and as his first draft choice grabbed Bob Rigby (*see cover*), an electrically fast goalkeeper from East Stroudsburg State.

Eventually, the Atoms went to England to train and borrowed several players from Southport for the American season, which ends as the English one begins. The Atoms came back for their league opener against St Louis and lost. Well, what could you expect from an expansion team?

Not, certainly, what actually happened. Philadelphia lost only one more game of the next 21, took its division, led the league in defense, led the league in attendance and was second to Dallas in scoring as Rigby set a record for NASL goalkeepers and Miller was voted Coach of the Year.

And last week the Atoms were in Dallas to play for the NASL championship against Hunt's Dallas Tornado, a team that won the whole thing in 1971 and went to the semifinals last year. The

Taking a header. Tornado Rookie of the Year Kyle Rote Jr. flies after ball in Texas Stadium.

continued

Atoms beat Toronto in Philadelphia to get into the big game, and their fans gave them a standing ovation for several minutes and sang *Auld Lang Syne*, which, considering the short history of the team, was a strange thing to do, even if it showed a lot of heart.

Although the Tornado had tied once and lost one to Philadelphia during the season, Dallas seemed to have an edge. The team had been together a lot longer, and the game was to be played at Texas Stadium in Irving, a colossal sports palace out in the suburbs where schoolboy soccer has begun to flourish. Although the Tornado franchise still loses money, it has more than once outdrawn the new Dallas-Fort Worth major league baseball team when the clubs played on the same night only a few miles apart. And by finishing ahead of Philadelphia in points, Dallas not only got to operate at home but, more important, got to pick the date of the game.

Dallas General Manager Joe Echelle settled on Aug. 25, which just happened to be the day Philadelphia's two scoring stars, Andy Provan and Jim Fryatt, were due back in England to start their season for Southport. Luckily, one Southport player on loan, Fullback Chris Dunleavy, had been suspended in England for the first two games of the season. He would be available for the NASL championship. But with Provan and Fryatt gone, Miller had to fiddle with his lineup. He put six native Americans in as starters, one of whom, Bill Straub, was a rookie who had not played a single minute for Philadelphia. Straub was supposed to be a defensive player, but Miller stuck him in the front line.

The Tornado itself had lost three loan players and Coach Ron Newman had been forced to shift his own lineup since two of the three were forwards. His remaining regular forward was the NASL's Rookie of the Year, Kyle Rote Jr. Dunleavy was assigned to guard him.

Rote is a very pleasant young man to be around, a first-year ministry student at SMU, son of a football hero from SMU and the New York Giants. Kyle Jr. works as public-relations man for the Tornado to add to the rather humble salaries paid to NASL players (averaging about $3,000 for the five-month season). John Best, the defensive leader of the Tornado, is a film and photo model. Goalkeeper Ken Cooper is an instructor at soccer summer camps. Forward Jim Benedek is a land appraiser. Middleman Bob Ridley is a tennis teacher. And so forth. They all have to do something besides play soccer.

Rote was a high school football star in Texas before he decided to become a soccer player at Sewanee, and by midweek before the championship game he was getting nervous in a way he had never experienced in football.

"Football is worse to worry about," Rote said. "In football you know you're gonna get hit on every play. In soccer you'll get hit, but what you've got to prepare for is the running and the skills.

"A soccer player is finicky, like a golfer. His diet has to be right. He's got to be full of energy. Early in the week before a game, I eat a lot of protein to build solid weight, not liquid weight. The night before a game I eat Italian food to get carbohydrates for quick energy. Just before a game I eat a banana to get potassium and phosphorus to combat heat exhaustion and cramps.

"I'll tell you," he said, "during a game at Texas Stadium I've run seven to nine miles and lost about 12 pounds. After the game I'll go into the tunnel so the fans can't see me, and then I'll have to sit down and try to breathe. It's like the marathon runners—after the 20th mile they say what the heck am I doing here?"

At 6 feet and 180 pounds Rote is large for a front-line soccer player. He is not yet as skilled as John Best, the Tornado defenseman and its certified All-Star, but he has been a dream for the franchise. "If a scenario writer had invented Kyle Rote Jr., you wouldn't have believed it," said Bill McNutt, the fruitcake king from Corsicana, Texas, while driving along an expressway one afternoon in his black Rolls-Royce. McNutt, Hunt's partner in ownership of the Tornado, sells more than 2,500,000 pounds of fruitcake a year by mail and got into soccer because Lamar asked him to.

"When we started all this in 1967, there were 11 amateur soccer clubs in Dallas," McNutt said. "Now our last count showed there are 1,170 teams. In other words, 25,000 to 30,000 people playing soccer here. It's becoming a monster sport in this country. Lamar's eight-year-old boy told him he wasn't going to play football because it might ruin him for soccer. Until a year or so ago, it was an everyday reality that our league might fold. Now there's no chance of that. We're going right through the top."

That Texas is a football state is a fact that Best has learned to deal with. "When I go to a school to teach soccer, I can tell who the football players are," Best said last week. "They're the guys lounging around looking uninterested. So I do this thing where I put a soccer ball



When best is worst: Dallas' John Best cringes after scoring game's first goal—for the Atoms.



Zeroing in on Dallas, Philadelphia's Chris Dunleavy (upper left) tries to beat John Best and pass in to Bill Straub (17), who later scored.

on the floor and say, 'O.K , somebody take it away from me without using his hands.' A football player will get up. His mates yell, 'Kick him, bash him!' They can't do it, though, can they? They charge the ball like bulls, but they can't get it. The football players, the jocks I guess they call them, think soccer is a sissy sport. But soccer has a lot of contact, like basketball. It's just well-timed contact. You can give a jock the hip, catch him in his stride and knock him into the stands."

Preparing for the championship game, Newman warned his Dallas players that Philadelphia would be difficult. He warned them that anybody who was late to practice would be fined $20. A $20 fine would not mean a whole lot to, say, Roger Staubach, who also plays in Texas Stadium, but in a league where the top star makes about $5,000 for the season, the threat caused a few grimaces.

On Saturday night a crowd of 18,824 arrived at the stadium, good attendance for the growing soccer league. Commissioner Phil Woosnam was ecstatic over the turnout.

From the start Philadelphia was in charge. Most of the first half was played in the Dallas end of the field. The rest of it was in midfield. The shots Dallas got at Rigby, in the Philadelphia goal, came seldom and they were puny. For all his jumping ability and his advantage in size, Rote found Dunleavy wrapped around him like an overcoat.

The big break came about 20 minutes into the second half. Rote and Dunleavy had leaped for a ball that neither of them got. Rote thought he was shoved and looked for the official. The ball, meanwhile, bounded toward the Dallas goal. "I broke into a cold sweat," Newman said later. "I knew that this was going to be bad." Best saw the ball drop at his feet and tried to clear it away. Instead, the ball went off the side of his foot and flew into the right corner of the Dallas goal. Philadelphia led 1–0 with 25 minutes left.

From then on the Philadelphia defense was the one and only concern for the Tornado. And that proved to be plenty. One Dallas shot, by Ilija Mitic, struck a goalpost with 12:50 to play, but mostly the Tornado looked like people stuck in brambles.

Then with 4:58 on the clock, Roy Evans of Philadelphia fed a shot to Straub, who knocked the ball with his forehead into the Dallas goal. If 1–0 had looked like a tremendous deficit, 2–0 seemed insurmountable. And it was. Philadelphia became the first expansion team to win a championship in its first year in any American professional sport.

In the Philadelphia locker room afterwards the team broke open the champagne and gave three cheers for Best. Ehlinger, McCloskey and Miller were hugging each other. Ehlinger said Miller had done the greatest coaching job of all time in any sport. Miller said his team hadn't changed a thing so far as strategy went, but that it may have run a bit harder. "Our people run until they drop," he said. "And we played six or seven Americans on our side tonight. This game has got a hell of a future here.

"What was lacking on the Dallas side was offense. Rigby only had to make six saves. Rote was never much of a factor. Dunleavy all season long has taken care of the other side's target man, and he sure did it tonight," Miller said.

"In England we play hard," Dunleavy said. "Rote understands. He accepted me hitting him hard and I accepted him hitting me. I kept it physical and hard, so he would always know I was there. Rote had a lot of pressure on him, it must have been on his mind. I don't think I played such a great game. After all, Rote was Rookie of the Year but that still means he is a rookie."

"What this means," said McCloskey, "is that we've got to go to work and figure out a way to top ourselves." **END**

BIRDS BUG OFF TOWARD A TITLE

The Baltimore Orioles have run up a 13-game win streak—and all but run away from the rest of the American League East—using a speedy new offense and a pitcher who beetles opposing batters **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

The last time an American League team won 13 games in a row was 1961, back in the days when Owners Dan Topping and Del Webb would sit in their box on the first-base side of Yankee Stadium and dial M for Maris and Mantle. The last National League winning streak of equal proportions occurred in 1965 when the Dodgers received their best combined season from Sandy Koufax and Don Drysdale and ran off 13 straight in a September drive. Last Sunday evening another team, the Baltimore Orioles of 1973, defeated the Kansas City Royals 10–1 to match the streaks of those two colorful and excellent predecessors. In the process the Orioles had pulled apart the race in the American League East, a division that for most of the year had been as tight as a clenched fist.

Prior to the streak Baltimore's last memorable moment was its loss to the Pirates in the 1971 World Series. That was only two years ago, but surprisingly few of the current Orioles were involved. Oh, Brooks Robinson is still at third, stuffing would-be doubles into his glove, and Shortstop Mark Belanger continues to range as far west as Charles Street to pick up anything that rolls. Jim Palmer, Dave McNally and Mike Cuellar continue to pitch with excellence, and the Orioles have never stopped making jokes about Catcher Andy Etchebarren's looks: "If the All-Ugly Team had co-captains, Etchebarren would be both." But in the 22 months since Baltimore lost to the Pirates, new talents, faces and styles have changed the team. Only 12 of the 25 players eligible for that Series remain.

The new Orioles are like sandpipers on a beach, going from here to there on feet that apparently never touch the ground. Instead of waiting for a home run they scoot into scoring position on a steal or a bunt or a hit-and-run. Baltimore already has scored more runs, stolen more bases, produced more RBIs, triples and sacrifice flies than it did in all of 1972. Four times during their 13-game winning streak the Orioles scored the deciding run on something other than a base hit. Thirty times they have come from behind as late as the seventh inning to win.

"We're hitting as well as doing the other things, too," says Manager Earl Weaver. "After the first month and a half of the season it didn't look like we were ever going to hit, but since then we have hit as well as at any time since I have managed here." On Memorial Day the Orioles had a team average of .229, next to last in the majors. Over the past 11 weeks their average has spurted to .259, better than the one compiled by the Series-winning Orioles of 1970.

While their streak made them clear favorites to win the East, there remains another formidable object to overcome before the Orioles can claim the title. They will spend the remainder of the season playing against eastern teams and they have losing records against each of their closest pursuers: Boston (5-7), Detroit (5-7) and New York (5-6). Still, none of the three seems capable of mounting a drive powerful enough to overtake an Oriole team that has pitching, speed and the best all-round defense Baltimore has ever seen.

For months after the 1972 season ended, Oriole fans from Towson to Pikesville sat over their *National Bo's* and dwelt on their team's unexpected failure to win a fourth-straight pennant. It was thoughts of the Baltimore offense that most often drove them to drink. After averaging 767 runs in their pennant years, the Orioles produced only 519 in 1972 as rally after rally died on warning tracks throughout the American League. There was an obvious need for a new attack, and Weaver promptly found one called speed.

In 1971 Baltimore had won with only four men stealing 10 or more bases. By the time this season concludes, the Orioles may have as many as eight base stealers in double figures, a total previously unattained in the big leagues. Unlike the majority of stealing teams, the Orioles have no one person accounting for a high percentage of the 104 stolen bases. Outfielders Don Baylor and Paul Blair lead with 17 each and rookie Al Bumbry has 15. Rich Coggins, who is just another number in Weaver's five-man platoon of outfielders, even though he is hitting .304, has swiped 13. And somehow the speed begets speed. An example of that occurred last week in a game against the Twins. Baltimore fell behind 3–0 in the first inning but scored three times in the bottom of the inning. The tying run crossed the plate when 250-pound Boog Powell noticed a rookie Minnesota pitcher was winding up with the bases loaded and two out. Boog scored all the way from first base on a single to left. Baltimore went ahead in the fifth by pushing across a run on a double play. During the game there were five outstanding defensive plays by five different Orioles.

The four scratch runs and good fielding were all Mike Cuellar needed for a



4–3 victory. After his shaky first inning he combined with Reliever Bob Reynolds to shut the Twins out for the rest of the game, making his record 12-12. That represents a fine recovery for Cuellar, who lost five of his first six decisions this year but is now on a four-game win streak. The Oriole pitcher on the hottest streak is righthander Jim Palmer, who is moving toward his fourth consecutive 20-win season. He is 27 years old, the age when most pitchers are just gaining full command of their talents. Palmer, who came to the majors at 19, already has been in command of his for a long time. Of pitchers with five or more years as starters, he has the best winning percentage (.709). Since 1969 he has rolled up 95 wins against 39 losses. "Jim Palmer is an unreal athlete," says Pete Richert, a former teammate now pitching for the Los Angeles Dodgers. "He was All-Arizona in high school football, basketball and baseball. The first time he ever played golf he shot in the 80s."

Not surprisingly, super athlete Palmer also is an accomplished hitter. Despite the designated hitter rule, he is perhaps the only pitcher who still takes batting practice. "When the designated hitter rule first came in I was very outspoken against it because I believe myself to be a pretty good hitter," Palmer says. "I figured that was one advantage our team had over the others when I was pitching. I'm not so outspoken about the rule now because I have seen what a DH like our Tommy Davis can do for a club." Davis is hitting .304 with 73 RBIs.

A short time ago Palmer obtained a sterling silver beetle wearing earphones, and it has become his lucky charm. Since he got the Watergate bug Palmer has won 10 games in a row.

Of course, all those wins require more than mere good luck. "Jim never throws the ball down the middle," says Brooks Robinson. "He just goes inside and outside. And he works on the fine points of his game so much that I think he is the best fielding pitcher in the American League."

When they obtained power-hitter Earl Williams from Atlanta last winter it looked as though the Orioles might continue to rely on their old strategy of standing around and waiting for the home run. Then Weaver decided that the Orioles could feed young players into the lineup and go for speed. "That doesn't mean we start bunting in the first inning, try to score a run and play it safe from there," Weaver says. "We're just trying to get the most out of what we have."

Baylor, a 6′1″, 200-pound speedster who has hit .466 since the middle of July, and Bumbry, a mite of a man who is averaging .310 and may well be the fastest player in the American League, have kept a cloud of dust hanging over American League parks with their base running. Outfielder Merv Rettenmund, dormant last season after an excellent .318 two years ago, is hitting again and so is Second Baseman Bobby Grich. The club's top batter in 1972, Grich has been at the bottom of the league with an average in the .220s for much of this season, but over the last three weeks he has looked more like the young Grich of old, raising his average 10 percentage points.

Although Baltimore has been as low as fourth at various times, opposing players always felt the Orioles were lying in the weeds, that even when they were down they were still the team being chased. Should they win the American League pennant, it would mark the fifth time in eight seasons the Orioles have done so—and only Yankees, Giants and Dodgers have ever gone five for eight. The sandpipers may be running their way right into history. **END**

Rich Coggins, Al Bumbry, Mark Belanger and Merv Rettenmund are among the Oriole runners who have beaten the base paths for 104 steals.









SETTING 'EM UP FOR THE KILL

Bubba Smith is alive and recuperating in Oakland, where he hopes his forays will arouse the fans to a murderous frenzy

by RON REID

Quarterbacks beware, Bubba Smith has begun his comeback season as a prideful member of the Oakland Raiders, for whom he plans to vindicate a trade and wake up an old cheer. Not that you would have noticed it last Saturday at the University of California, where Smith, the 6'8", 260-pound defensive end, made his first start of the NFL exhibition season against the Minnesota Vikings. For one thing, he played little more than a quarter and, at best, got a draw against the Vikes' Ron Yary, who may be the finest offensive tackle in the game. For another, the Raiders had four turnovers, costly penalties and other miscellaneous misfortunes that contributed to a 34–10 defeat. Lastly, Bubba was upstaged by a couple of rookies, Minnesota's Chuck Foreman, who quicked his way to two touchdowns, and Oakland's Ray Guy, who punted far and high enough to ice the ball.

Neither Smith's limited duty nor the lopsided score, however, could diminish the happy revelation that the game was for Bubba, who aims to prove some things this season and who now knows his right knee is sound enough to help him make his case.

The idea that Big Bubba would ever have to prove himself as a football player would have seemed ludicrous two seasons ago at Baltimore, where he was a devastating pass rusher and the bulwark of a Colt defense that limited the opposition to 140 points in 14 games. Last season, though, Smith got entangled in a down marker and chain during an exhibition game and suffered what one Colt executive described as "one of the worst knee injuries our team doctor had ever seen." Even before he was hurt, Smith's feelings toward the Colts had changed because General Manager Joe Thomas didn't see fit to renegotiate the last year of a six-year contract. But sitting in a wheelchair on the sideline watching the Colts lose was intolerable.

"Joe Thomas was bad enough," Bubba said last week, "but not playing was terrible. I didn't want to show my face in public. I don't know if it was that we were losing, or what, but it almost drove me crazy."

Bubba had resigned himself to doing his best for the Colts when he came to camp in July. "I was in a cast for seven or eight weeks," he said, "and when I got out of it, my calf and thigh had deteriorated, like I had polio. I worked on the knee by running stadium steps at the L.A. Coliseum and by working with weights at USC. The assistant trainer there, Paul Williams, really helped me. He showed me my strength at each point

and he even went out to run with me. He gave me the encouragement to work harder. Besides that, I wanted to get ready, if for no other reason than to tell Joe Thomas to kiss my foot."

Thomas may have read Bubba's signals, for in one of the 19 trades he has made since January he sent the 28-year-old Smith to Oakland for Tight End Raymond Chester, a good blocker who in his three seasons scored 22 touchdowns on 104 receptions. Al Davis, the Raiders' managing general partner, was criticized for giving up so valuable a property as Chester for Smith, whose physical condition is suspect. For his part, and for a love of gamesmanship, Davis encourages the talk about "Al Davis' first mistake" because it may turn out to be an extra incentive in Bubba's comeback. In truth, the trade is likely to help both teams.

"This decision wasn't made in a week, or two weeks, or three," Davis says. "We've always liked Bubba and we kept tabs on his rehabilitation all last spring. We took a calculated risk because the defense in pro football today has to dominate, not just play well."

"We've never had a guy like him before," says Ron Wolf, Oakland's director of player personnel. "If he can do what he did at Baltimore, it means the other teams have to play us a man short. They need two guys to handle him and they won't be able to run on us as much."

Toward that end, Bubba has been progressing daily with the formidable help of Bob (The Boomer) Brown, the All-Pro offensive tackle who himself has come back from four knee operations. The kindly Dr. Brown's therapy involves treating his friend Smith to all the pad-popping "100-megaton shots" he can muster when they square off against each other in camp. "They're both tough competitors," says Offensive Line Coach Ollie Spencer, "and each of them hates to get beat. The other day Bob really cut him, right on that leg. It was purely a reflex action, but if Bubba could take that he can take anything."

"I've been down the pike four times with knees," Brown says, "and I've told Bubba that the only thing he can do is play with reckless abandon. You worry about losing the things you can do until you get hit on it, then you find out you can still do them."

"We do have some pretty good hook-ups," Smith says of the warfare with The Boomer. "He's the strongest man I've ever seen. If I can work out against him every day, I'm going to get better, and I'd like to think that I'm going to make *him* better. Boomer is really good for me. He got me to keep moving so I don't have to take that lick on my leg."

"After I got hurt," he added, "people told me, 'You're going to have to go to a different ball game—brute force. You're going to have to run over people.' But I haven't done that here. My whole game is speed, quickness and getting people to get their feet crossed up so I can go by them. The people in the NFL are too big to run over, anyway. I used to be the biggest player around and I couldn't do it then. Even if you could, by the time it would take to hit the man, knock him down and get to the quarterback, he would be long gone."

However, it is neither the fear of getting hurt again, nor appreciation of proper football technique that is driving Bubba to regain his old competitive edge. Rather it is pride in the reputation of Bubba Smith.

"If I can come off the ball well," he says, warming to the subject, "with motion, maybe I can have those people in the stands yelling 'Kill, Bubba, kill!' again when it's third and long yardage. It's an incentive thing, to have all those eyes on you and then hear that. That's all I've been working for. They said it at Michigan State and at Baltimore. They were expecting me to come up with a big play. I don't care who you are. If you're a professional athlete, that's something you react to. It's pride.

"I know what I can do and what my help will be to this team, but in the back of my mind is 'Al Davis made a mistake.' I hope he doesn't feel that way. The only thing I want is for Al to wait just a little while and I'll have him up there in the press box yelling 'Kill, Bubba, kill!' on third down, too."

It is a reasonable assumption that both Davis and Coach John Madden hope Smith attains a performance level worthy of that cry before the Raiders' next meeting with Minnesota, which happens to be the regular-season opener on Sept. 16 at Bloomington. The exhibition, wherein the Raider defense did not dominate, demonstrated that an improved pass rush would be nice to throw at Fran Tarkenton, who completed 12 of 22 for 200 yards in less than three quarters.

Foreman also poses a problem, one that may soften Bud Grant's flinty reluctance to start rookies. A 6′2″, 216-pound running back from Miami, Foreman was the Vikes' No. 1 draft choice and he appeared eminently to deserve such status. He gained 62 yards on 10 carries and impressed Grant with his quickness and acceleration. Foreman's touchdowns came on runs of six and 29 yards. On the first, a trap play, he blew through a big hole over right guard and was in the end zone before anyone came close to slowing him down. On the longer run, Foreman veered left, eluded two tacklers and turned on his speed to beat the defense to the corner of the end zone.

Guy was equally impressive, with punts of 57, 43 and 52 yards into the end zone and another of 47 yards that was fair-caught on the 12. A fifth kick, which hurt his average, traveled 27 yards, but from the Minnesota 44-yard line to a fair catch at the 17. "It's the strongest punting leg I've ever seen," said Minnesota Kicker Fred Cox.

Bubba's play was not as spectacular, he seemed to be going in high against Yary. "I was working on certain things," Smith said after the game. "I thought I was going to play a little longer, but I guess they didn't want me to. When I get back to camp, I'm going to work on nothing but my pass rush. I can feel some things coming back. What surprised me was I didn't even think about my knee, not one time."

Bubba's exuberance may well have stemmed from that or from the progress he feels he is making. In either case, he disputed Madden's observation that "a loss is a loss, no matter whether it's your opening game, the preseason or not, and it's always a very bitter thing."

"You know, I hate to get beat," Bubba said, "but in some ways this was a good loss for us. I'm kind of glad we got beat. A loss at the right time can help a team. If we had beaten Minnesota like we know we can, a lot of cats would have become complacent."

That is not Madden's worry with Smith, of whom he says, "Bubba Smith has a lot of pride. It's a driving force."

A statement Bubba made earlier in the week would confirm this. "When I reach the point where I have that inner feeling," he said, "when I know I'm right, then I can relax a little bit. But not now. Now I know I can play, but I can't handle just being an average ballplayer."

The Oakland fans may be hollering sooner than they think. **END**



JAWFUL TEST ON THE MOUNTAIN

Muhammad Ali took it on the chin for real and falt no ill affects from his racant fracture Training hard and sariously at his hillsida ratraat, he is still king of his cliqua and future champion of all he survays

by MARK KRAM

Each evening about nine, just before the king of all he see goes to sleep, an odd and dumbing scene takes place on Muhammad's mountain. The day is dead. Great portions of steak and greens and corn bread have been devoured by his disciples at the camp in Deer Lake outside of Reading, Pa. His sparring partners in the bunkhouse have already begun to twitch in their sleep, and Muhammad Ali lies on his bed next to his gym listening to one of his followers, a slight and still man who makes you think of a Saturday night special. The man reads to Ali from the *Guinness Book of World Records*, and the words come haltingly but not without clarity.

"Thee tallest race in the world is the Tutsi," he reads. "They are also called . . . Ba . . . tutsi . . . Watut . . . si . . . or Waaa . . . tussi. Thee males average 6′1″, with a maximum height of 7′6″." He reads on for nearly half an hour, and Ali, who has been quiet, interrupts: "Let me hear 'bout that star again." The man thumbs through the pages quickly. "The explosion of theee Crab Nee . . . bula," he reads, "which occurred in 'bout 3000 B.C., became visible . . . on earth by day in the year 1054 . . . and its reemains are still ex . . . pandin' at theee rate of 800 miles per second."

Ali lets that fact float through the silence of the room and then says that he desires sleep, leaving you lost in the real darkness between least and most, a hard ground upon which Ali has seldom been caught. The word real has had no meaning for him, and he has looked into its dwarfing eyes maybe only twice. The draft, his exile, the financial drain and some of the abandonment that went with

it, all of that he saw as real and he fought it well. As for his loss to Joe Frazier, it was something to which he gave no obeisance whatsoever.

Now, as he prepared last week for his second fight with Ken Norton a few weeks off in Los Angeles, it is quite evident that Muhammad Ali is again feeling the clammy *touch of reality*. Never before has he been so crowded by the inescapable, and not even his jet-stream monologues, fewer in number now, can blow what he deeply perceives to the side: for the first time in his career he stands smack on the edge of failure, not a conventional failure but one with shards of humiliation that only genius can feel.

This he knows well. He did get beaten badly by Ken Norton. He did get a broken jaw. He did lie in a hospital, acutely aware that he did not merely lose a fight, aware of the jolting aftermath: the kind of sympathy that drips on brilliant fighters who have stayed past their time, his gentle wife Belinda lying quietly in another hospital following her karate attack on three security guards who tried to keep her out of the ring; the whispers of those around him who were certain he was through.

"Some guy," says Bundini Brown, Ali's doctor of mysticism, "comes up to me in the hotel with 2,000 Ali buttons, you know, the ones with THE PEOPLE'S CHAMP written on them. He says, 'Well, I guess these aren't good anymore. He's had it.' "

"You can be rich or poor," Ali interrupts, "but ya don't know nothin' 'bout either until ya felt pain."

"Yeah, when there's no root," says Bundini, "there's no fruit. Been waitin' years to see this kind of Ali."

"That's right, Brother."

"You don't look in the mirror to see life," adds Bundini, "ya got to look out the window."

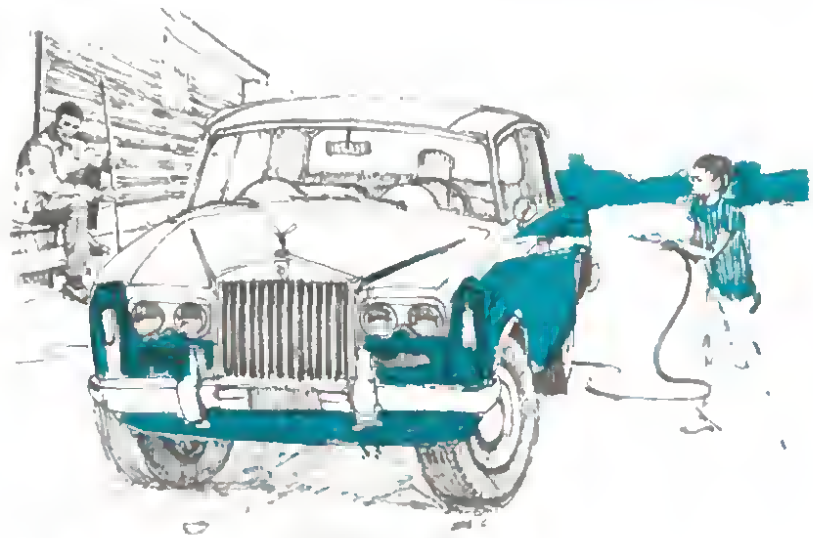
The next day ("the unveiling-of-my-jaw day") *it is clear that Ali has been* spending a lot of time by the window in his head. He walks into the gym, and the crowd reacts to his condition. His weight is down to 213, the best since the Liston days, and his *reflexes* on the light and heavy bags are searingly quick. All that remains is the question of his jaw. He steps into the ring and says, "Look, no headgear. No protection. Nobody tellin' sparrin' partners to hold back. If it's gonna happen, I want it to happen here." Over the six rounds he boxes on this day, he takes several shots flush on the jaw, as hoped and expected, nothing happens.

A broken jaw, if treated properly and given time to heal, is not a major injury in the ring, and often afterward it becomes much stronger than it was before it was broken. Of more significance is Ali's stamina, his moves and most of all his *attitude*, the intensity of concentration that he may or may not have applied to his work for Norton. Gym work is deceptive, but it does appear that Ali is in the kind of shape needed for the most important hunt of his career. He is up on his toes. His breathing is easy. His punches come in sweeping blurs.

"He don't have to hammer no door down to get at a man in this hunt," says Bundini. "He gonna go 'round back and pick the lock."

The phrase "I'm goin' huntin'" is spo-

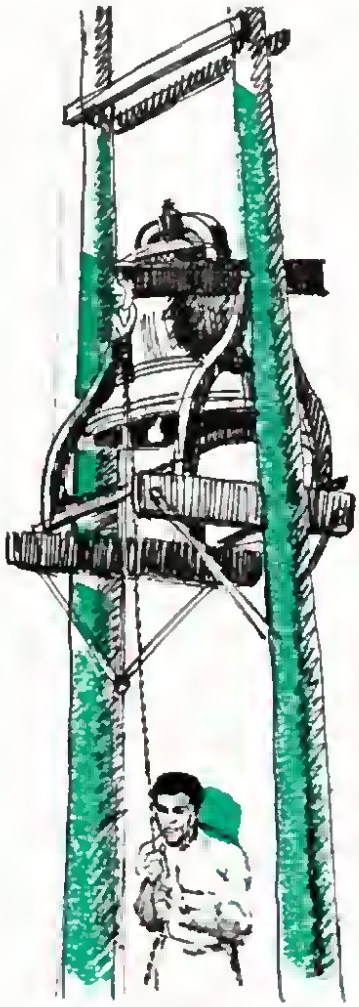
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ILLUSTRATIONS BY JIM JOHNSON

Ali's Rolls gets a hosing down from a young camp follower, but his new heart is now with the old, like this antique buggy that he enjoys in quieter moments with his wife Belinda



Muhammad is up and ringing at 4:30 a.m.

ken often by Ali, and it seems obvious that he is referring to Norton. Then it becomes plain that that is not what he means at all. When he talks of huntin', he means one of his familiar swoops down on the country below him in pursuit of antiquity, old things that he might add to a cabin or the landscape of his camp. His hunts have become the talk of Pennsylvania Dutch country, and for a long time the careful Dutch did not know what to make of this aberration descending on their barns.

But now it is as if he has been living there forever. The camp has become sort of a rustic salon for all the local merchants who arrive each evening with the old-time wares, and it is a baffling sight, all of these hidebound Dutchmen who once looked upon Ali as a holocaust, the run of them up there on his mountain, the sun going down, laughing and posing for pictures with him, he directing them as to what he wants and when they should deliver it. And then there are those words Ali keeps using repeatedly: valid and oldest and real. "Get those benches away from there," he says. "I decided they not valid. I want my people to sit on logs and rocks, real logs."

Words like valid and oldest and real, they are not devoid of meaning. He uses them often when speaking of his camp, but there is no mistaking that he means them to apply to himself, his condition and attitude for this fight. The antique quarry wagon he bought and the huge rocks on his land, those are the objects that seem to mesmerize him. Throughout the day Ali will look at his ancient wagon of steel and wood that sits outside the window of his room. "Look at that old thing," he says. "Steel! Wood! Sooooo strong. It's worked sooooo hard. Must be 140 years old."

"Now what you think," asks one of the group, "was thee greatest invention ever?"

"Man's mind," says Bundini.

"Nooooo, it was the wheel," says another. "Why, without the wheel you wouldn't even have a wristwatch."

"The jet plane," says Ali. "Swooooooosh. You in L.A." No one debates further, and then Ali, looking over at his wagon, says, "Yeah, yeah. Got to be the wheel."

He walks over to the wagon, lifts a flap of wood and he sees hundreds of termites. "Eeeeeeee," he screams. "They goin' at my wagon!" Immediately, four cans of poisonous spray are produced and Ali and three others, choking and spraying furiously, erase the termites.

A fight camp can tell much about fighters. The atmosphere of where they work carries their personality, conveys sometimes what is on their minds. One watches the way a fighter treats his help, studies the people who have his ear, looks at all the small things until a picture evolves. It seldom has much to do with the fight itself, but it will help to solve the puzzle of a man. A word can describe some camps. Floyd Patterson: Hamlet. Sonny Liston: hostility. Dick Tiger: simplicity. Sugar Ray: tension. Joe Frazier: industry.

Frantic used to be the perfect word for Ali's camp, especially in the past year or so. It was not in his nature to train, to be forever alone with the hard facts of the ring. "Never trained more than three weeks for Liston, never trained more than three weeks for Frazier," says Ali. "Been up here now 14 weeks." That old element of intrigue—who was in, who was out—along with Ali's sometimes cruel ego is barely noticeable now. "There no little yous 'round him now," says Bundini. "He say we all the same." Walking through the place, Ali's own camp, listening to kids crying, screen doors banging, smelling the corn bread in the air, one is not certain whether Ali is a gifted stage manager or truly a new man.

The wagon is usually the first stop when he conducts a tour of his camp. Then comes the mess hall, which is the province of his Aunt Coretta, the cook who is backed up by a large sign on the wall that reads:

Rules For My Kitchen.

1. PLEASE TO KEEPE OUT, except on express permission of cooke.

2. COOKE. Shall designate pot scourers pan polishers peelers scrapers and COOKE has supreme AUTHORITY AT ALL TIMES.

3. No remarks at all will be tolerated concerning blackening of toast the weakness of soupe or the strength of the garlic stewe.

4. What goes in stews and soups is Nobody's Damn Business.

5. If you must stick your finger in something stick it in the garbage disposal.

6. Don't critize the coffee you may be old and weak yourself some day.

7. ANYONE bringing guests in for dinner without PRIOR NOTICE will be awarded whacks on the skull with sharpe object.

8. PLEASE WAITE Rome wasn't burnt in a day and it take awhile to burne a ROASTE.

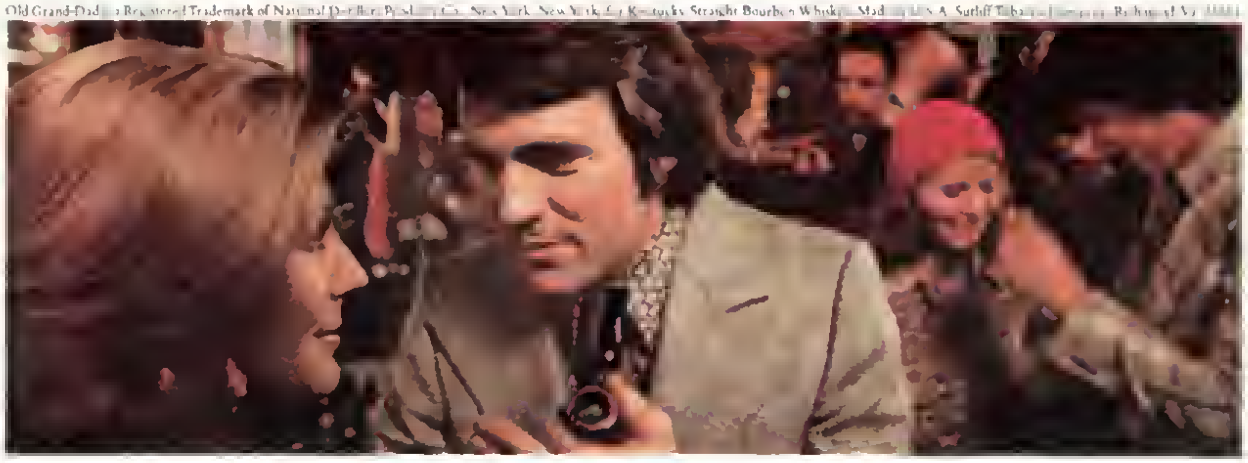
9. IF YOU MUST pinche something in this KYTCHEN PINCHE the COOKE.

10. This is my kitchen if you don't believe it START SOMETHING.

The rules were the work of Ali's father, who is a sign painter; they are here as they appear on the wall. Fortunately, for the safety of Ali and his Muslim brethren, who are all over the place at his camp, the father had nothing to do with the housing on the mountain. The camp, which has cost Ali roughly $200,000, contains four buildings constructed of pine trees and cement: a fine gym, a bunkhouse for the help, the mess hall and

continued

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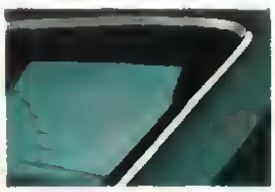
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Ali's house. Ali calls the camp Fighter's Heaven. "A real place," he says, "a valid place for fighters to come and work and sweat like fighters should, not like all those places with chandeliers and thick carpets and all those pretty girls around."

Work begins early on the mountain. Ali is the first one up at 4.30, and the first thing he does is go to a massive bell that stands high over the camp. "I didn't want to sell it to him," says the man from whom he bought it, "but he wouldn't leave me be. He can be a charmer." The bell, says Ali, "cost $2,500, and it was made in 1896. It's a valid bell." After the bell is rung, awakening his trainers, he hits the road for four miles, with the headlights of a car showing the way through the possums and rabbits. "They nice to see," he says. He then returns to the kitchen where he poaches six eggs "from my own chickens."

After breakfast he picks up an ax and cuts down a couple of trees. "They not pine, they oak!" Ali says. He has been cutting down these trees, 85 in all, since January, and his camp is quite proud of the fact that he has busted one ax and dulled five others. "I'm borrowin' my strength from the trees," he says. Later, in the evening, he usually relaxes by watching films sent up to him by Jim Aubrey of MGM, or he may just sit quietly with Belinda in an old surrey, the two of them all alone looking down and out over the rolling hills. She then goes to her room, and he to his.

"I'm goin' to spend maybe the rest of my life up here," says Ali. "After I beat that sucker Norton and then Foreman, wherever he is, and old Joe Frazier, who I feel sorry for 'cause I think I made him sick. Right over there near my bell I'm gonna build an old log cabin. It's goin' to be made of 200 telephone poles. They gonna cost $85 each, and there ain't gonna be a piece of cement anywhere on 'em. Inside, there's goin' to be a potbellied stove and lanterns — nooooo electricity. And there's goin' to be a pump so I kin drink real water. And there ain't nobody gonna make me leave my mountain."

As he walks along, past his luxurious bus and Rolls-Royce, it is hard not to be amused by the juxtaposition of them to his new discovery of nature. It is hard to accept his valid and real camp for more than it is, an elaborate motivational prop designed for this most vital comeback against Norton, one that will mean so much to him emotionally and financially. Yet, something is astir within him, and it is quite clear when he talks of pyramids and the moon and bones in Africa, "how trillions of years old they all are," when he talks of all the people gone forever, "mothers and fathers you loved and big names like Nat King Cole ... Dinah Washington ... Sam Cooke."

He has looked deep into himself, it seems, and what he has seen is mortality, which belongs to all of us — even the king of all he see. **END**



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Dennis Ralston never lived up to his early promise of becoming the next Budge, Kramer or Gonzales but, though less a player, he was more a man than anyone perceived

by FRANK DEFORD

DENNIS, NO LONGER A MENACE



They come up every year, these kids with style and talent and the promise of doing things better than anyone has ever done them before. And then they disappoint us and we reject them, and the tag of "boy wonders" follows them like a smirk down the rest of their days. Perhaps it would be better if they kept a hitch in their swings and some baby fat on their legs until they are really ready to perform in the limelight of press and television.

So say a prayer for the next Nicklaus, the one christened Ben Crenshaw, hope that David Clyde never goes on waivers, like Von McDaniel did: root for Chrissy Evert and Evonne Goolagong, that they will always get better—or else they will spend their lives pursued by the same demons that Jim Ryun and John Thomas could never shake. "There just ain't no place for kids to be lousy anymore," George Burns once said, bemoaning the death of vaudeville, and he might have been speaking of Marty Fleckman or George Mira or Art Heyman or Terry Baker or all the others who turn out to be only so good, but never so great as we felt they should be. Of course, some of the comets at least got into the money before the truth burned them out. But Dennis Ralston went down smoking as an amateur.

Perhaps since so little of it had to do with money, Ralston's tragedy was purer—and that may also be why he could be so quickly redeemed. For now Dennis Ralston has proved the world wrong twice. He was not the next Budge (or Kramer, or Gonzales) as everyone claimed. But then neither was he Dennis the Menace, which seemed just as certain. Ralston was less a player and more a man than anyone perceived—and he knows who got the better of that misconception.

"I haven't any regrets," he says. "Who's to say I'd be where I am now if I'd won lots of Wimbledons and lots of money? Who's to say I'd have my family? Who's to say I'd be happy now? I am happy now, and I wasn't happy then, not even when I was No. 1 and getting all the publicity. But I didn't have any sense of direction then, and I have that now, and let me tell you, it is better than the big money."

Barely into his 30s, and while most of his contemporaries are still playing full time, the infamous Dennis the Menace, celebrated as bad sport, choke artist, malcontent, is concluding his second year in one of the most sensitive positions in American athletics, captain and coach of the Davis Cup team. To the players he is a combination of strategist, diplomat, teacher, boss, friend. Having led the U.S. past Chile and Rumania this month, Ralston now has only the finals against either Australia or Czechoslovakia ahead at Cleveland in December for another successful defense of the cup.

No one in modern times has ever held the dual job that Ralston was given when he was only 29, yet his predecessor as captain, Donald Dell, declares that Ralston is "the best," the best captain and the best coach that the U.S. has ever had. Under Ralston's leadership U.S. teams have won five straight cups. Stan Smith, the team's mainstay, the fellow who has achieved so many of the things on court that Dennis Ralston was supposed to, says, "Denny is so good because he knows exactly what to emphasize. He never goes through the motions. And for some reason he is able to tell others how to do what he was never able to do himself."

One sees him again, a decade ago, the kid from Bakersfield, early in the third act of his tragedy. He is still in college, freckle-faced and spike-haired, still so very vulnerable even after years of being the next Budge Kramer Gonzales. He had reached the semifinals at Forest Hills at 18, he had passed up his high school graduation to go to Wimbledon and, with another kid named Rafael Osuna, he had won the doubles championship of the world; with Chuck McKinley he had regained the Davis Cup. He was quick and tall, with a bagful of rich shots. "Mechanically, he had everything," Jack Kramer says now, reneging on none of the rave reviews of that time. "Oh, maybe not enough spin on his second serve, but outside of that—everything."

But it was not to be. In 1964 he lost both his singles matches and the cup. At Forest Hills he never exceeded what he had accomplished as an 18-year-old. At Wimbledon he did reach the finals once, but then fell in straight sets. His knees finally degenerated, to end all pretense to greatness. But even before that it was clear that he would never attain the eminence ordained for him. So the experts turned on him, infuriated that he had dared to cross their judgment. The monster they had created and the monster role that Ralston often assumed himself was destroyed one heavy August afternoon in Barcelona in 1965.

Here he is, at that moment, wandering across the back lawns of the Real Club. In the distance the crowds, roaring still. The No. 1 American has been beaten, routed by an unknown Spaniard named Juan Gisbert in the opening Davis Cup match. Ralston is in peak shape, but he looks drained and haggard. The face reflects more confusion than disappointment. He and his wife see each other and rush together and, though he is much taller, he appears to fall sheepishly into her arms. "It's all right, honey," Linda says, holding his head. "It's all right, it's all right." And there is no doubt, at last, that she is not holding the next anyone, only

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM ALBERT ALLARD

Dennis Ralston from Bakersfield, Calif.

"Everybody always figured I was so good, they can never understand why I lose," he said soon after. "Look, I'm just no Gonzales, no Kramer."

In a very real way, though, places like Barcelona with their catastrophes became the playing fields of Eton for the present U.S. team. Ralston has served under so many captains and coaches in such trying circumstances that he has seen what works best. Bob Kelleher, for instance, was no tennis tactician during his reign as captain in 1962-63, but Ralston appreciates now how profound Kelleher was at handling variant personalities. Donald Dell was a master at organization and public relations.

"You can develop a team attitude if you have time enough," Ralston says. "In Rumania last year, after Tom Gorman lost the second match, we were really down. A couple guys said to hell with it, let's not play. They're gonna steal it anyway. Harold Solomon was the guy Gorman beat out, but he was the one who stood up and said, 'No, we got to go out there and win the cup for one guy, for Gorman.' "

By contrast, many U.S. teams in the past had no such rapport, or spirit. When Dave Freed was captain in 1960-61 he used to amuse the players with magic tricks. "Hey, Dave, make yourself disappear," they would hoot back at him. Pancho Gonzales was coach at a time when he was fading and insecure as a player, jealous of the very people he was supposed to be teaching. George MacCall was so tense as captain that he made his own players nervous and, ultimately, had to be physically restrained in the middle of a match from getting near a player and upsetting him further.

Ralston is surely no less emotional than Gonzales or MacCall, but precisely because he did play under them he knows he must keep the volcano capped. "He's probably tighter than all of us," Solomon says, "but he just puts on that fake little smile and then, if things are really tough during a match, he'll start shifting chairs too." Significantly, in the bedlam at Bucharest it was Ralston, the old scourge of the courts, who calmed Smith—a person Ralston ironizes for possessing "more faith and inner peace than any player in the world."

"To tell you the truth, I was going nuts," Smith says, "but whenever I'd cross over, Denny still had his cool."

Although Ralston took over as coach when he was only 25, he never experienced any difficulty in hossing his contemporaries. Dell, the captain who appointed him, was only a few years older than the players, and Dell made it clear that Ralston was in full command on the practice courts. In the first workout Ralston ordered wind sprints. Clark Graebner fell out after the first one, advising Dell that it was bad for his back. Dell told Graebner to inform Ralston. He did. Ralston ordered Graebner to run double sprints. Since that day there has been no threat to his authority.

Ralston is a disciplinarian who nonetheless works hard for his team, squeezing blood out of the USLTA stone. With annoyance and even some bitterness, he recalls how regularly he was slighted as a player and mistreated by the brass when he was struggling to salvage the honor of America for $28 a day "expenses." At Cleveland in the Challenge Round of 1964 the Australians had a glorious bucket of ice and fresh oranges to use during the crossovers. For Ralston there was only "a warm Coke sitting in the dirt." Vic Seixas, the captain that year, invited the McKinleys and Ralstons out to dinner a few days before the matches put $50,000 in the USLTA coffers, then required the two stars to ante up, to a penny, their portions of the check. U.S. Davis Cuppers make more representative weekly salaries now, but still not so much as to ease the pain when a kid like Jimmy Connors turns down a probable backup role on the squad to rip off easy big prize money at depleted tournaments lacking the best players. Camaraderie is one consolation: Ralston features team dinners, parties, gifts of clothing, even team skits and team vacations. "They would have told me I spent too much money last year if we had lost," he says.

Ultimately, however, the captain is not judged so much by his ability to get on with the team at social events as by how well he performs at courtside. Even the most successful captain in history, Harry Hopman, has been twitted behind his back by some of his old Aussies, who report that often when the chips were down Hopman offered such scintillating technical advice as "Get your first one in" or "Hit for the alleys." But at least he never lost presence. And then there was that pep talk Ralston can remember getting from MacCall when, exhausted and down 4–1 to Gisbert in the final set at Barcelona, MacCall said: "You got him now." O.K., General Custer.

By contrast, Ralston has been remarkably keen in the clutch. When a player is going poorly, he is able to rationally examine every component in a stroke to divine what has gone awry. For instance, when Solomon was serving badly in his first cup match against Mexico in 1972 Ralston finally decided that a bad toss was the problem, and informed Solomon at a crossover to correct the motion. It sounds elementary, but in the heat of battle few captains are able to isolate such intricacies. Ralston claims that the U.S. gains a significant edge with careful preparation and is the only nation to employ sophisticated scouting techniques. Tennis players have always had lines on opponents—play to his backhand, lob him, those obvious basics—but Ralston and the Americans are making a science of tennis scouting for the first time. Nastase, for example, was played—and beaten—by Smith off a Ralston scouting report—he was made to do something he



LINDA AND DENNIS HAVE DISCOVERED RELIGION AND A NEW PEACE

continued

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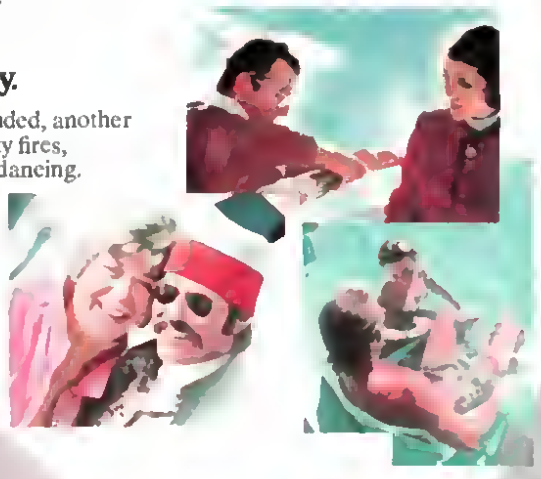
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didn't want to do. And now Ralston can actually say things like: "Down love–30, Emerson will serve wide to the forehand 85% of the time." Seven years ago, when he stepped on the court before the finals of Wimbledon, he had not given a thought to how he would play for the championship of the world. "Zilch," he says, somewhat apologetically.

There is great irony that there was no one like Dennis Ralston to take care of Dennis Ralston when he needed it. Yet it was not only the mandarins of the game who failed him; he himself was a willing accomplice. Arthur Ashe recalls the early Ralston with mixed emotions. "People expected too much of Denny and me. It was for different reasons, but we had the same monkey on our backs. From 17 on, Dennis was to be the greatest, the next Gonzales, and when he couldn't live up to that, it frustrated him terribly. But Denny let himself get caught, too. There's a black expression: 'Know where he's coming from.' There was no question that Dennis was spoiled where he was coming from."

Ralston was also unlucky. He took a bad rap as a troublemaker, and it stuck with him largely because he looked the part and because of the name Dennis the Menace. Guys named Chuck and Butch and Barry probably misbehaved just as badly on the Freed teams, but there was no cartoon character to rhyme them with. Besides, when Ralston concentrates, his soft blue eyes fade into his cliff forehead and his mouth does strange things, none of them attractive, and he appears to be scowling.

"He was such a perfectionist," Dell says. "If Denny made five great shots and the sixth nicked the tape, that would infuriate him. I picked him as coach because I hoped that he could take that perfectionism and channel it into improving other players."

While it startled many that Dell would want to ally himself with such a suspect temperament, he appreciated that Ralston's inordinate devotion to an ideal could manifest itself in positive ways: lasting loyalty and an abiding concern with fairness. Unfortunately, none of these things necessarily did much for Ralston when he was hustling around as a player in the superficial nowhere world of big-time tennis.

He is—as they say of horses—a bad shipper, possessing an obsessive, almost masochistic, relationship with airplanes. If he ever does go down, the worst part will be that he will not be able to say, "I told you so." This macabre preoccupation increased after Osuna was killed on a flight that slammed into the top of a mountain, missing clearance by a mere three feet.

Ralston never liked to travel anywhere in any way, and was invariably homesick. Since Wimbledon and Forest Hills are only rarely scheduled in Bakersfield, his game suffered. Bakersfield, at the base of the San Joaquin Valley, 100 miles northeast of Los Angeles, is a city of 70,000 but by the standards of an urban nation it resembles the small town of lore. We say nobody comes from small towns anymore, but they do, it is just that the small towns are larger. Bakersfield is at the confluence of many primary American strains, the cotton of the South, the oil of the Southwest, the oranges of the subtropics, the heat and the trucks of a Midwest summer, the grapes of wrath and Cesar Chavez. It is not surprising that Madison Avenue employs Bakersfield as a model pretest market town or that country music took hold there. Ralston won first prize, a red-white-and-blue guitar, in Buck Owens' golf invitational there last year.

All the players would always kid Ralston about how he could love this sere, plain place and so happily retreat to it. Ralston would even fly home from Texas when he had a day off in the middle of a tournament. The short stay would rejuvenate him, especially after he and Linda, a Bakersfield girl, were married in 1964.

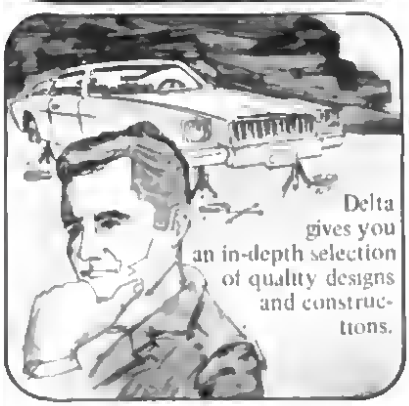
Almost from the first, as they discuss it easily now, the marriage worked at cross-purposes to his career. Although the two have been devoted to each other, Linda had only a passing interest in tennis, and once the novelty wore off, she came to detest travel. "I know how selfish I was then," she says, "but I'm just the sort of person who needs her own things—my own house, my own family, my own room, you know, even my own bathtub." She stayed home to raise her family. He would phone her, interminably he would phone her, and talk of everything at home. Finally, he would have to say, "Aren't you going to ask me how I did?"

"Oh, yeah, how'd you do?"

"I won 6–0, 6–2."

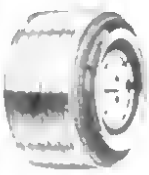
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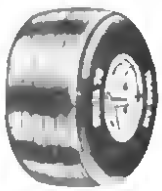
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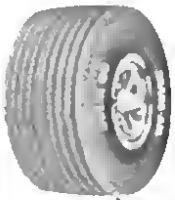
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"Oh, that's great." And no more. It would only make Ralston want to get back home faster. He is a fully domesticated animal. This spring, when the team played in Mexico, he took his oldest daughter Angela, who is seven, along for company.

One day last year when Ralston was away, Linda and the three kids got caught a few miles from home in a massive thunderstorm that loosed a mud slide upon the road. She feels that the family was saved only because they were in the station wagon instead of the small runabout. Although she had always been a Presbyterian (and Dennis an Episcopalian) religion had played no role in her life, but the near tragedy compromised her California-comfortable assurances of existence, and when she saw a sign at a nearby church inviting attendance at a Bible study, she went in.

The church is Mennonite Brethren—an obscure denomination, to be sure—but Linda was immediately affected by what she heard. "I could tell something was different with her the day I got home," Dennis says. Soon he was attending services himself; they both were baptized again (by immersion), and Ralston has subsequently delivered speeches of witness. Bible verses are tacked up about the house, and religious books and tracts dominate the coffee tables. Yet there is nothing to suggest that this is some flashy Pharisean display. The Ralstons' whole life seems to be genuinely defined in terms of their new faith.

"I did not really love Dennis or help him as I should have," Linda says candidly. "I was interested only in myself and in my children."

"But understand, this doesn't bother me," Dennis says, "because perhaps if it had been otherwise I would not have found Christ. I still have a long way to go, but it makes a great difference to at last be out there when you are not alone."

So Dennis Ralston has found his peace, and his niche and, after a knee operation, maybe even 70% of his old mobility too. He will take his tight knee bandages and his Arthur Ashe racket and his scowl to Forest Hills where he will try both the singles and the doubles, in a nostalgic pairing with McKinley. If he plays well there, he will make some additional tournament appearances and, despite all his protests, it is hard not to look a little further ahead and see him sending himself in to play doubles sometime for Uncle Sam. Redemption is fine, but comeback can pay more bills.

"You know, I was so dissatisfied with my life that for a time my position with the Davis Cup team was the one thing that kept me from thinking I had become useless in tennis," he says. He was then only a couple of years removed from the very top of the world game—and still so young—but he stood hurt and forgotten, unseeded on tour, a has-been.

"The last time I played at Forest Hills I lost to a guy named Holecek," Ralston says. "I couldn't bend my knees to hit a low volley, but the most miserable thing was that this was the first time in my life that I had ever entered a tournament knowing that I could not win it. All right, there I was, a hack."

They razz him now, the kids on his team. Tom Gorman said he would not agree to play doubles with him in the Pacific Southwest "until I see how your knees hold up." Erik van Dillen cackles and issues new long-shot odds on any doubles team that Ralston joins in practice. They call him "Vince"—for Lombardi—and he seems wise and old, from another generation, and yet younger and happier than he ever was when he was supposed to be young and happy but had to spend all his time being the next Kramer.

None of us will ever know how good he almost was. He probably knows that least of all himself. "You got to be yourself, Solly," he told Harold Solomon one day before the matches in Little Rock against Chile. Solomon had not been playing well and was down. "You can adapt your style differently to each particular match, but you got to keep playing your game."

"The funny thing is," Solomon said, "I'm playing my best on grass now." He is recognized strictly as a clay-court player.

"Well, fine," Ralston said, "then you can win Forest Hills." They both laughed, but then Ralston decided to correct that. "No, wait a minute. You can't do that, Solly, because this time I'm going to win Forest Hills." He looked shyly away after he said it, sharing a joke about himself with himself. The awful tease of might-have-been was at his back now, and the real smile that burst over his face was provided by the next Ralston, whoever he is. END



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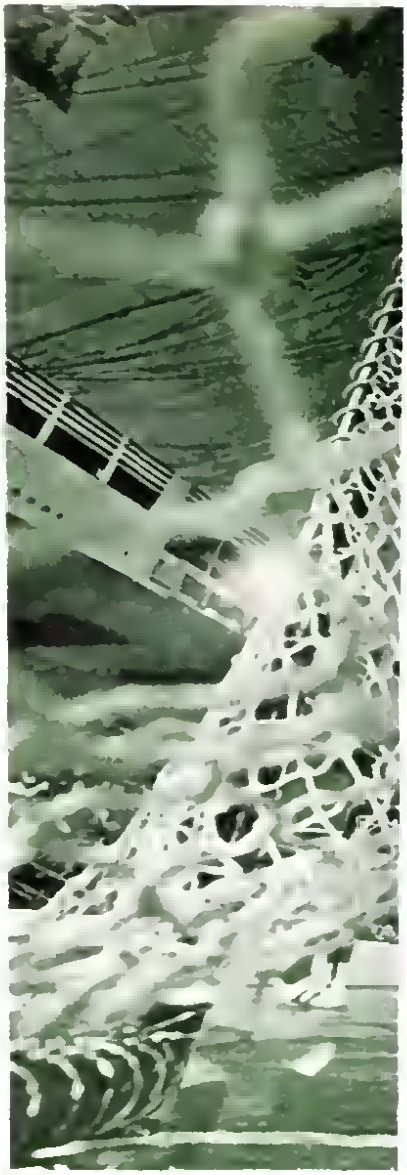
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Murder ball in a box



BY PRIIT J. VESILIND

The Iroquois revere lacrosse as the game of The Creator, but the indoor version of their ancient sport is rougher than the devil

In 1933, the year box lacrosse and the Red Devils came to Syracuse, Oren Lyons, the goalkeeper, danced the Charleston on a three-inch beam 100 feet above the floor of the Crucible Steel plant. Just for the hell of it.

"He was a good dancer, see?" explains his buddy and teammate, Buffalo Pierce. "And he had a lot of nerve. You gotta have nerve to work on the high iron. I guess Indians are born that way."

When Oren Lyons died in a car wreck in 1954, his goalkeeper's stick was laid in the casket beside him, as is the custom, and during the all-night vigil in the Long House of the Onondagas, his teammates surrounded the casket with their own sticks in his honor. In the 500-year history of the Iroquois nations, lacrosse had always been the game of The Creator, Soo-Gut-Ya-Di-Sa-A, and he had promised his people they would always have it—even in the life after death.

Six miles south of downtown Syracuse, past Booher's Lumber Company and the Nedrow Drive-In, the houses run out of paint, some streets still get along on dirt and gravel, and makeshift lacrosse goals of plywood and chicken wire sit beside the sheds. It is the Onondagas' Nedrow reservation. There is a broadleaf forest there where boys still chase coons in the uppermost branches; there are country roads where hickory leaves cast mottled shadows that cool the dust, and, on summer evenings, there is the smell of roast corn on the cob.

"Indian kids used to get up in the morning and come home at night," old-timer Irving Powless remembers. "No telling where they'd been. We were out in the woods all day, daring each other to do all kinds of crazy stunts. It seemed natural to go up into the high iron. I guess I did it just to prove I could. And, besides, it was good money."

By the time an Iroquois boy is 18, it is practically routine that he is a lacrosse player, an iron worker and sometimes a hard drinker. In the perspective of the reservation, each is somewhat admirable, for the young man is the warrior of the Onondagas in a time when there are no more battles.

Buffalo Pierce sits at the reservation lacrosse box complacently these days, quite pleased with being a legendary figure. Once or twice a week he goes up to the Syracuse War Memorial Coliseum, where the Warriors play box lacrosse. The crowds run close to 3,000 people, including a large number of boisterous Indian fans. The Warriors are part of the first successful box lacrosse league since

the Red Devils folded. The North American Lacrosse Association, a predominantly Indian league straddling the Canadian border, is composed of eight amateur teams

Like the Red Devils, they play lacrosse in a hockey rink without the ice, a game devised by some clever Canadians to accommodate all those empty rinks during the summers. It is comparable to nailing up a pair of basketball hoops in a handball court, inviting the Russians and throwing away the whistle. Its rules draw about evenly from ice hockey, field lacrosse and what used to be called "murder ball" on grammar school playgrounds (whoever got the ball ran like fury before he got murdered).

Until one white player joined them this year, the Warriors were the only team

continued



composed entirely of Indians. They are also the most successful team in the league. Head Coach Lou Jacques, who manufactures lacrosse sticks on the reservation, says he has invited white players from the local colleges, but they won't come.

"The whites think it's too rough," he says. "They call it organized manslaughter." Some of the Onondagas who have been on the high iron put it more bluntly. They say the white man can't hack it.

It is a savage whiplash of a game. Teams are trimmed to six players, with sticks and goals shortened and the passing tightened. Like hockey, it moves with no time-outs and no out-of-bounds, a demolition derby of nose dives on concrete floors and suicidal, full-court charges through a gantlet. The flow of blood would have delighted Attila the Hun.

In Canada a pyramid of "boxla" leagues, from pee-wee to pros, developed rapidly, but the hub of American lacrosse was in Maryland, an area generally lacking in empty hockey rinks. The new game was dismissed as a novelty—the pitch-and-putt of lacrosse. Only the Iroquois Indians of upstate New York embraced it when it came south in the early 1920s. They sensed that the spirit and free style of the box game was closer to the lacrosse of their ancestors, when the goals, ironically, were sometimes set as much as a mile apart, and hundreds of warriors scrapped over the roll of hard leather in training for battle. Occasionally the game served as the battle itself, a lesson in civilization their white conquerors never learned.

Box lacrosse was supposed to revolutionize spectator sport in Syracuse when it came off the reservation in 1933. It was the inspiration of Robert F. Kenefick, fast-talking promoter and sports editor of the *Syracuse Journal*—and it folded in two years. To round up a team, Kenefick advertised in his newspaper for players, expecting 20 or 30 whites from the local schools and 30 or so Indians at the tryouts. What he got was 70 Indians, between the ages of eight and 69 and a single white man. Only half a dozen of the players were promising, so he went recruiting at the St. Regis reservation near Hogansburg, N.Y.

"I rounded up five Mohawks and talked them into coming down to Syracuse with me," he said. "I put 'em up in this hotel downtown and took 'em around the corner to see these strippers. You understand, these mugs were straight out of the woods. I had a call later that night from the hotel to get 'em out of there. They were tearing the place apart."



PHOTOGRAPHS BY CO RENTMEESTER



With seven Onondagas from the Nedrow reservation and the five sobered Mohawks, Kenefick announced the formation of the Syracuse Red Devils box lacrosse team. He dressed them in showboat red shorts and jerseys and sewed nickel-head profiles on the front. And he gave them phony names to make believers out of the Syracuse public—"Mad Dog" Gibson, "Big Bear" George and a guy called "Long-Time-No-Sleep," whose name was sufficient evidence of his ferocity. Oren Lyons was the goalkeeper and Buffalo Pierce the star. Kenefick never bothered to rename Pierce, who earned his nickname in football as a running back for the semipro Oakwood Knights. Anyway, Buffalo's mother called him Stanley.

"Nobody cared much about the publicity," Buffalo says. "We got 10 bucks a game and I supported my family with that, plus my football money. In those days you'd do anything for a buck."

One must suppose that Syracusans found better ways to spend their bucks than watching a bunch of Indians beat each other over the head. The Red Devils went the way of the Charleston, and box lacrosse buried itself once more on the reservation.

It was not until 1969 that the Indians themselves came up with the North American Lacrosse Association. It now includes the Syracuse Warriors, the Six Nations from Ontario, Senecas from Newtown, N.Y., Mohawks from St. Regis as well as teams from Morrisburg, Ontario, Akron, N.Y., Niagara Falls, N.Y. and Caughnawaga near Montreal.

Efforts to establish a professional circuit, a standing goal since the demise of the Red Devils, failed again this spring. Kenefick had a variety of excuses—the white population could not identify with an all-Indian team; nobody wanted to watch a game indoors during the summer; nobody really understood the sport. Warrior Coach Lou Jacques blames it simply on a lack of financial backing. The league is held together only through the willingness of the players. The season lasts from May to September, with games twice a week—a lot of time and pain for no pay.

Oliver Hill, a 30-year-old Onondagan and president of the NALA since 1970, used to climb up and down extra steel columns while at work to keep in shape for lacrosse. There was never enough time to just plain work out. Construction paid. Lacrosse did not.

"With us, a lot of pride enters into this game," he says. "Many people think we're semipros or something because we charge admission. They don't understand where the money goes, they think we get it ourselves. Heck, they don't have to pay me. They don't even have to give me a ride. It's been so instilled in me, I'd play if I had to *run* to Montreal."

The return of big-time box lacrosse has been good for the reservation, and has done much to bring the Indian community closer to the city. For the first time, after four years of self-management and promotion, the Syracuse Warriors are sponsored by a group of non-Indian businessmen who are guaranteeing the reservation a profit of $5,000 for the season. The money is administered by the Onondaga Athletic Club, which in three years has furnished the reservation with a blacktop basketball court, $1,000 worth of playground equipment, funds toward an Olympic-sized swimming pool, a new firehouse, and support for various reservation teams from pee-wee lacrosse to broomball.

Instead of the old cycle of iron work, reservation lacrosse, beer busts and the gradual erosion of Indian culture, there is increasing talk of education, of coming back to the reservation and teaching, of pride in being an Indian.

"It's been only in the past five or 10 years," Lou Jacques says with some trace of sadness, "that colleges and even high schools around here have really accepted our boys as lacrosse players."

Oliver Hill, aided by a federal grant, enrolled at Syracuse University last year because he wanted to do something more with his life than work on the iron. This spring he was the leading scorer on the Syracuse field lacrosse team. And Lee Lyons, 42-year-old son of the Red Devil goalkeeper, is a whole story in himself. He is at Syracuse after retirement from the U.S. Army, and he played freshman lacrosse. "No trouble with the legs," he says.

Ron Doctor, who captained the Syracuse team two years ago, is back as the assistant to the university's coach, Roy Simmons Jr., and Oliver's cousin, Ron Hill, has mystified opposing coaches with his stick handling. It became almost routine, Simmons claims, for them to halt the game and ask for a stick check after Ron had coaxed the ball through some unlikely maneuver. But Hill's stick was always ordinary—just a product of years in the Nedrow box.

Oren Lyons Jr., the oldest son, followed his father as a goalkeeper and became an All-America at Syracuse in the 1950s. Now a successful commercial artist and a university lecturer with a master's degree, he is one of the 14 chiefs of the Onondaga nation.

"You have to understand how important games are to the Indian," he said one afternoon at his reservation home. "And lacrosse—well, lacrosse is the game of the Creator. Anthropologists come here, stay for a year and think they understand our life and our religion. If you can't understand the language, you never really get it right. I've been here all my life and I'm still learning. But when I die, I know I'll be buried with my goalkeeper's stick."

Most of the whites who come to War Memorial Coliseum to watch the Warriors play their quick, violent game have little notion of the Indians' feeling for it. There is no cultural equivalent. Even fewer of them know what happens behind the door of the locker room minutes before the Warriors are introduced.

An elder of the Onondagas, one who can communicate with the Creator, calls for silence and then crumples a sheet of newspaper into a ball and lights it. As the flames rise between the rows of metal lockers he takes tobacco from a small leather pouch and sprinkles it into the fire. In a pitched monotone, he asks the god of the Long House to bless the game and protect the players from injury. The warriors in their armor, the Hou-Chi-Qwa-Is, gather around the flame and its acrid smoke and murmur their response in the language of the nation.

Among them are teachers, mechanics and artists, as well as the men who work the high iron. Twice a week in the summer, for three periods of 20 minutes each, they share a tradition that binds them into a camaraderie of spirit that spans time, distance and nations. **END**





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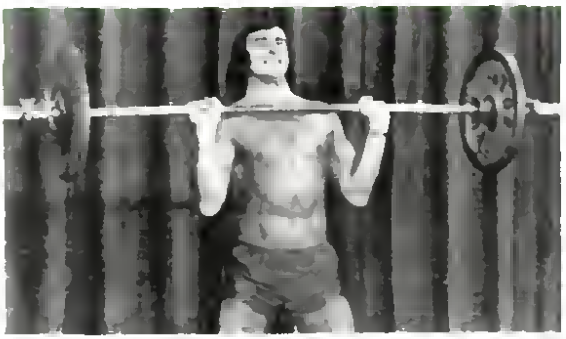
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On their way to the Norwegian polar islands of Spitsbergen, 85-year-old **Avery Brundage** and his 37-year-old bride, **Mariann Princess Reuss**, stopped off at Tromso for a bit of sightseeing. "Surprisingly friendly," pronounced baffled inhabitants, who chatted with the former Olympic Games chief Brundage, apparently determined to be the perfect guest and free at last of Olympic responsibilities, complimented Norwegian skiers as "the truest amateurs in the Olympic sense" and, when asked if he were properly equipped for the cold in the polar regions, quipped "Of course Mariann and I shall know how to keep warm. After all, we are not newlyweds for nothing."

"Before a big event involving my powers I will fast, abstain from sex and utter Islamic prayers," wrote Shariff **Abubakar Omar**, an African witch doctor, in a letter to England's soccer team manager, **Sir Alf Ramsey**. Witch doctor Omar would like to sign a contract to help England win next year's World Cup by so befuddling her opponents that they will see either "two balls or a snake." Omar does not think much of England's chances without his hexes. England does not think much of Omar's chances. Besides, how do you suit up a witch doctor?

Dale Cross of Yuba City, Calif. umpired the only game the North Yuba Little League team lost after 16 wins. So it goes, but Dale happens to be married to **Josie Cross**, who manages the team. Said Dale after Josie made him walk home, "It doesn't bother you to have the losing team get on you, but this time I have to live with the losing manager."

● Exhibiting a muscular torso seldom seen in public is champion race driver **Jackie Stewart**,



one of several British athletes who participated in a Superstars of Sport competition at the Crystal Palace in London recently. Events in their version of the new pastime included weight lifting, gymnastics, lawn tennis, cycling, the 100-meter sprint, a 600-meter steeplechase and a soccer penalty game. Olympic gold medal hurdler **David Hemery** won the $10,000 first prize. Jackie won admiring looks.

It may be the air age, but an estimated 25 million Americans still are afraid to fly, among them actress **Maureen Stapleton**, folk singer **Joan Baez**, comedian **Bob Newhart**, spokesman for conservatism **William Buckley Jr.** and—fasten your seat belts for this one—**Evel Knievel**. A nice safe flight over the Grand Canyon on the seat of a motorcycle is one thing, but a death-defying leap across the continent in a 747? Evel prefers to be grounded.

◆ **Bill Bangert**, mayor of Champ, Mo., not far from St. Louis, earned his reputation as a strong man when he started winning a gaggle of weight-throwing titles three decades ago. He also carried 775 pounds' worth of rocks known as the Ormie Stones across the River Dee in Scotland in 1971, a feat that had not been accomplished in 116 years. Now Bangert, who keeps in shape by tossing telephone poles around, plans to move the famous Naha Stone in Hawaii (*shown here*), which will automatically make him King of the Islands. The last man to move the 3½-ton stone was Kamehameha, who became King of Hawaii centuries ago. It's one way to solve the problem of free elections.

◆



The august old U.S. Naval Academy has turned its all-male class of 1977 over to two pistol-packin' mamas for instruction on the firing range. Data Processor Third Class **Julia Taylor** of Texas and Aerographer's Mate Second Class **Karon Schulz** of Ohio are the first female pistol instructors in the 100-year history of the Naval Academy. Veterans of numerous civilian and Navy pistol matches, Instructors Taylor and Schulz have scored 260 and 276, respectively, out of a possible 300, on the Academy range. They say the plebes are coming along nicely.

Paul Blair of the Orioles overcame his fear of knockdown pitches after consulting a hypnotist, **Willie Davis** of the Dodgers has joined a Buddhist sect to improve his attitude and average. Angels' Pitcher **Bill Singer** and Minnesota's **Dick Woodson** study Psycho-Cybernetics, which almost convinces one that a foul is as good as a base hit, and the Royals' **Ed Kirkpatrick** has improved his concentration on the ball with a course in visualization. This is known as mind over batter.

Thailand's **Pichai Sinpatanasakul**, who for the past seven years has been attending school in this country—including Jack Riley's All-American Hockey School in Lenox, Mass.—thinks that ice hockey, as a game of skill, body contact and controlled violence, would appeal to the average Thai, who likes his games rough. "I don't see how it could fail," he said. Exactly. Long as they're not playing for, say, the Bruins. The Boston fans would have to learn to chant, "Kill 'em, Pichai Sinpatanasakul."

Nolan Ryan should be so fast

Joan Joyce is 32 years old. She owns a travel agency in Trumbull, Conn. She has short reddish-brown hair, blue eyes, squarish shoulders and heavily muscled legs. She moves in that twitchy, loose way good athletes do, as if she were perpetually limbering up for some distant and, as yet, unspecified contest. Any contest. She has been an athlete all her life. She is one of the most talented and powerful woman athletes in this country and without a doubt the greatest woman softball pitcher in the world. After 19 years in softball, Joyce dominates her sport as no athlete, male or female, has ever dominated a sport.

Last Friday night before 11,573 spectators at Raybestos Memorial Field in Stratford, Conn., Joyce pitched back-to-back shutouts (16 innings, 34 strikeouts) against the Santa Clara (Calif.) Laurels to lead her Raybestos Brakettes to the Women's National Softball Championship and the right to represent the United States in the Women's World Tournament next August at Raybestos Field.

Joyce's final shutout was her fifth in three days and eighth of the week-long double-elimination event in which 18 teams played 35 games in front of 80,000 spectators before the Brakettes, as expected, captured their third straight title and 10th overall, more than any team in history. Joyce pitched all of the Brakettes' nine games. She lost once, 1–0 to Sun City, Ariz., when her rightfielder misplayed a fly ball into a triple. She pitched two no-hitters (one of 11 innings and 22 strikeouts), three one-hitters, four two-hitters, and had stretches of 22⅓ and 23⅓ hitless innings. She walked one batter and struck out 134 in 69⅔ innings, all three tournament records. She had games of 22, 20, 16, 15, 14, 13, 12 (twice) and 10 strikeouts, while only one other pitcher struck out as many as 10 batters in a game. Joyce also helped win four games with timely hits, compiled a .414 batting average (third best in the tourney) and came within one hit of tying the record of 13 total hits.

Not surprisingly, she was named the tournament's MVP, her fourth such award. Since she has dominated women's softball for years, her continued dominance surprised few of the fans and players. They assume such brilliance from the Waterbury, Conn. native who once struck out Ted Williams in an exhibition and who was called, by a tourney umpire, "one of the three best softball pitchers in the country, and two of them are men." She has won 367 games and lost 25 for a lifetime winning percentage of 94. Her career, and each game in it, so nearly approaches perfection that, in a way, she is boring to watch.



WHEN JOAN JOYCE UNLEASHES HER HUMMER, IT'S BATTERS BEWARE

"My games *are* boring," she says in a blunt voice devoid of false modesty. "To everyone but me. I set up private challenges for myself, a pitch in a certain spot, a no-hitter [she has had more than 70], a perfect game [she has had 15]. Once I get a run, the game's in my hands. I can lose, but only by luck. I lost to Sun City on bad luck but I didn't expect that to happen twice, even if I did have to pitch five games in three days. And it didn't. But those games must have been boring. All those strikeouts. Without me every game would have been exciting. Anyone could have won it."

Among the teams that could have won a Joyce-less tournament were the Laurels, led by 26-year-old fastballer Charlotte Graham, who admitted before the finals that "beating Joan Joyce

continued

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would make my life complete"; the Sun City Saints, a youthful, exuberant team that, at times, seemed composed entirely of platinum blondes running on and off the field in spotless white spikes; and the veteran Orange (Calif.) Lionettes. The Lionettes own nine national titles and were the last team to beat the Brakettes for the championship in 1970. They did it on the strength of Carol Spanks' bat; the fielding of Maxine (Mickey) Davis, a dazzling blonde leftfielder who chases flyballs with delicate quick-little-steps and such infectious enthusiasm that her every move brings a chorus of "Hey, Mick-a-a-a-y!" from the fans; and, most important, the pitching of Nancy Welborn. A tall, slender brunette of swanlike grace, Welborn delivers a baffling assortment of off-speed pitches from an underhand motion as eternally changeless as a windmill.

What Welborn achieves by grace and deception Joyce achieves by pure and overwhelming power. She delivers the ball in an underhand slingshot motion. Her right arm snaps back toward second base and then snaps toward the plate with such force that the ball, brushing her right thigh, causes the leg to shake. Her momentum carries her far forward and to her left. She can retain her balance only by a series of short forward hops on her left foot. None of her pitches goes in a straight line. She can make them rise, sink, curve, or behave like a screwball, and she has even developed a change of pace that is equal to Welborn's.

Despite her awesome talent and near-total success in softball, Joan Joyce considers herself, at 5'9", a superior basketball player (she was an All-American AAU selection in 1961 and 1965), and she prefers, above all sports, golf.

"I started playing softball at eight because my father played it and because it was the only sport open to me at the time," she says. "But I don't like it as much as I do golf. There's too great an element of luck in women's team sports. My success in softball, no matter to how slight a degree, still depends on my teammates. I play sports seriously, and not many women do. They aren't conditioned to take sports seriously or to react instinctively the way men do from their earliest years. I've always been an athlete, and as long as I play women's team sports my success won't be totally my own. I'd like to try golf to see what I can do on my own.

"I'm not as good a golfer as I am softball pitcher or basketball player, but that wouldn't bother me. I'm not a goal-oriented athlete like men are. I can play only for internal satisfaction, just to do the best I can. And I certainly don't play for money. Softball costs me money every year, although I have had opportunities to go professional. A group of Florida businessmen offered to put up the money for me to tour as a female version of Eddie Feigner's The King and His Court. I told them I wasn't interested. I have to do it straight."

THE WEEK

(Aug. 20-26)

by RON FIMRITE

AL EAST As the Orioles continued on their merry way (*page 20*) the pursuing Red Sox were being slowed by recalcitrant players. Rico Petrocelli periodically reminds one and all that he no longer wishes to play in Boston. Now it is Reggie Smith saying he is fed up with the Fenway fans and asking to be traded. Several weeks ago Smith registered his displeasure by walking off the field in the middle of a game after absorbing a terrific booing. He was even more emphatic last week. "The fans in this town don't deserve an owner like Tom Yawkey," he told *Boston Herald American* reporter Joe Giulotti. "They don't deserve a club like the Red Sox. They deserve something like Cleveland." "There must be something good about Red Sox fans," replied the *Herald American's* Tim Horgan, "because the Lord made so many of them."

There was more defection talk in Detroit, where a rumor spread that Manager Billy Martin would leave the Tigers at the end of the season to manage the New York Mets. Said Martin, "It's news to me. I haven't talked to the Mets and I have no intention of leaving Detroit anyway." Martin has another year remaining on his contract. His team, meanwhile, won two games in a row for the first time in two weeks.

The Yankees were not losing people, just games. On July 27 they were 15 games above .500 and leading the league by a game and a half. They lost 19 of the next 28. Part of their trouble is clutch-hitting, or rather the absence of it. In nine games Matty Alou had been at bat with 22 men on base and Horace Clarke had been up with 25 on. Neither drove in a run during that period.

Milwaukee General Manager Jim Wilson has this penchant for putting his foot in his mouth. First he blamed Pitching Coach Bob Shaw for ruining Pitcher Bill Parsons' season. Shaw quit and Al Widmar became the new coach. Parsons continued to flounder. Last week, asked to name the players on his roster that he would not trade, Wilson listed seven names, none of which was George Scott's, and Scott is hitting .298 and leading the team in RBIs. Properly aroused, Scott said that if he did not figure in the Brewers' future plans he would just as soon leave now. Wilson hastily replied that he was listing only young players. Fine, except that two of the untouchables, Dave May and John Briggs, are 29—the same age as George Scott.

In Cleveland, where hitting heroes are scarce, Indian fans are flocking to, of all people, Shortstop Frank Duffy, whose lifetime batting average is .237. In the last month Duffy has raised his average 40 points. And on Friday he hit back-to-back home runs to beat the Texas Rangers. Duffy, however, was philosophical about his new-found prowess. "Of course I'm not a home-run hitter," he said. "If I can hit about .250 and field my position, I can hold a job. They judge shortstops on how well they field, not how they hit."

BALT 73-32 BOST 70-37 DET 70-38
NY 68-63 MIL 51-55 CLEV 54-75

AL WEST Reggie Jackson is no Samson; he can cut off some hair and still be as strong as ever. Concluding that "a few people didn't remember what I looked like," the Oakland A's slugger shaved off his beard but continued to bat like 1973's American League Most Valuable Player. On the very day he was shorn, he hit two run-scoring singles, giving him a major-league-leading 105 RBIs. "He still looks the same to me," said Dick Williams, his discerning manager. The A's, in fact, were having a banner—almost a pennant—week. Catfish Hunter won his first game since he broke his thumb in the All-Star Game, and now stands at 16-3. And Vida Blue shut out the Yankees 2-0 for his 15th win of the season and sixth in succession.

"I get some of my best ideas between 2 and 5 a.m.," said Kansas City Manager Jack McKeon, the league's leading somnambulist. "I figure out things like pitching changes and plays to try. I keep a tape recorder right by my bed." Well, this has been a bad year for tapes. On one of his chats with himself McKeon said, "If Baltimore's winning streak is going to be stopped, it will be tonight by Busby. They won't get those clinkers and clunkers off him like they got

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Shoe House
Quincy — Schiedel's
Rock Island — Mosenfelder's, Inc
Rockford — George Gilbert's
Rockford — Sluckey's
Rockford — Chas. V. Weise Co
Schaumburg — Faank Bros
Skokie — M. Hyman & Son
Sparta — Hooker's
Springfield — Myers Bros
Urbana — Boskin
Waukegan — Boskin
Waukegan — Dushin & Duskin
Waukegan — Lyttons
Waukegan — Storey's
Waukegan — Wiebolt Stores

INDIANA
Elkhart — Myers Man's Wear
Ft. Wayne — Meyers & Mc Carthy
Ft. Wayne — Pelferan Fleichat
Frankfort — Laserty's
Gaston — Snyder's Man's Shop
Hammond — Jack Fas and Sons Inc
Hammond — Joe Hirsch Inc
Highland — Zendstra a Store For Men
Hobart — Edwards
Indianapolis — L. S. Ayres & Co.
Indianapolis — The Wm. H. Block Co
Indianapolis — Edrich Ltd
Indianapolis — Hudson's
Indianapolis — L. Stein's
Marion — M Men's Clothes
Michigan City — Blake's Inc
South Bend — Blake's Inc

IOWA
Cedar Rapids — Armstrong's
Cedar Rapids — Halley's Men's Wear
Davenport — Mosenfelder's Inc
Des Moines — Bodin & Dorn
Des Moines — Frankels
Des Moines — Kuchniss
Indianola — Co Des's Clothing
Mason City — The Hub
Muscatine — Mosenfelder's Inc
Orange City — L & K Clothing

KANSAS
Overland Park — Todds Mens Wear
Topeka — Ray Bros Clothing Co
Topeka — Cunningham Shields
Wichita — Kohn's

KENTUCKY
Hopkinsville — Wedel's
Louisville — Levy Bros
Louisville — Rodes

LOUISIANA
Alexandria — Caplen's
Alexandria — J. Howard Ltd
Baton Rouge — Arthur's
Baton Rouge — Stan Blouin Inc
Baton Rouge — Cahn-Turner & Co
Baton Rouge — Goudshouse's
Baton Rouge — J. Howard Ltd
Bayou City — Pepe's Shop For Men
Houma — Earl Williams
Lafayette — Abdalla's
Lafayette — Emile Joseph's
Lake Charles — J. Howard Ltd
Lake Charles — Leon's
Monroe — Hanaline's
Monroe — J. Howard Ltd
Natchitoches — Caplen's
New Iberia — Theriot's
New Orleans — Portia's-Sterens
Ruston — J. Howard Ltd

MAINE
Lewiston — Leblanc's
Portland — Mortons
South Portland — Leblanc's
Waterville — Levine's

MARYLAND
Woodward & Lothrop — All Stores
Annapolis — Peerless Clothing Co
Baltimore — Buckmen's
Baltimore — Hornbuigmes
Baltimore — The Hecht Co
Baltimore — Hutzler's
Baltimore — Max Meyerhoff's
Gentlemen Stalist
Baltimore — Stewart's
Baltimore — Webster Clothes
Baltimore — Norman Wetzler's
Berlin — Style Guide
Cumberland — Rogers's
Frederick — The Young Mens Shop
Hyattsville — Fred's Mens Shop
Landover — Fred's Mens Shop
Landover — Hornbuigers
Rockville — Lawrence Bond Ltd
Silver Spring — Garber's
Timonium — A & G Clothiers
Wheaton — Embassy Fathea & Son

MASSACHUSETTS
Wallachs — All Stores
Brockton — Allegio's
Cambridge — The Crimson Shop
Chestnut Hill — Milton's
Fall River — Emporium Inc
Haverhill — Bartell's
Hyannis — Pudden Clothing Co
New Bedford — Bellis of New Bedford
Quincy — Milton's
Springfield — Stegman
West Springfield — Yale-Garrigan
Westfield — Eaton's

MICHIGAN
Jessabson Stores Inc — All Stores
Allegan — McGowan's Mens Store
Ann Arbor — Chelsea
Battle Creek — Cline's Clothes
M. Distinction
Bay City — Edwards
Birmingham — The Bank
Dowson — Homer Hill
Dalton — Block's
Detroit — Crowley's
Detroit — Hudson's Men's Store
Detroit — Hughes & Hatchat
Detroit — O'Burns
Detroit — Frank Bens.
Detroit — Yan Horns's
Farmington — Taedacks
Flint — Binder's Big & Tall
Flint — A. M. Dorsen's
Flint — Hudson's Men's Store
Flint — Hughes & Hatcher
Flint — Melsin's
Flint — Smith Bridgemen's
Flint — Mit Weiss
Grand Rapids — Christopher's
Grand Rapids — Hughes & Hatcher
Grand Rapids — Willems Klaasen
Store For Men
Grand Rapids — Meyers Mi Michigan
Holland — Lokker Rutgers
Kalamazoo — Rose Knappen Co
Lansing — J. W. Knapp
Lansing — H. Kosilchak Bros
Lansing — Mays of Mahigan
Lansing — Small's Inc
Lasanne — O'Brien's
Mount Pleasant — Olsen's
Mt. Clemens — Tack & Mark
Muskegon — Yets Mens Wear
Pontiac — Hudson's Men's Store
Ponties — Demuns
Saginaw — Edward's
Saginaw — Van Heusen
St. Clair Shores North Shores Valet
St. Joseph — Blake's Inc
Southfield — Demuns
Warren — Demuns
West Bloomfield — Block
Wyandotte — Chalsea
Wyoming — Rogers Dept. Store

MINNESOTA
Alexandria — Bob's Clothes Shop
Detroit Lakes — Norby's
Duluth — M & R Men
Duluth — Wilsen's
Edina — Wes Bellesen's
Fergus Falls — Aimesen Larsen Nelson
Little Falls — Yuler Clo
Mankato — Wilsen's
Minneapolis — John A. Chens
Minneapolis — Eklund Clothing Co
Minneapolis — Lismonds
Minneapolis — Young Quinlan
Rochester — Henny's Man's Wear
St. Paul — Cadilac II
St. Paul — Field Schlitt
St. Paul — Lismonds
St. Paul — Young Quinlan
St. Cloud — St. Cloris Men's Wear
West St. Paul — Van Arsdell's
Wayzata — The Fourseme

MISSISSIPPI
Gitsana — Mc Roe's
Hattiesburg — McBee's
Jackson — J. Howard Ltd
Jackson — Gayfar's
Jackson — Mc Leod's
Laurel — Hamilton Graves
Louisville — Files & Cunningham
Meridian — Hoaxy Moyes Inc
Meridian — McRae's
New Athens — Raad's
Tupelo — Rags Fas Men
Tupelo — Reed's
Yazoo City — Jim Rings

MISSOURI
Fredericktown — Cunningham's
Florissant — Larry's Mens Shop
Kansas City — Jones Store
Kansas City — Shi. Bees R Fullas
Kirksville — Mister Jim's
Maplewood — Herman's Taggery
Maryville — Hogan's
St. Louis — Aronson's
St. Louis — Boyd's
St. Louis — Famous-Baar
St. Louis — Maries Mens Shop
St. Louis — The Squire's Shop
St. Louis — Sits Bees & Fullas
St. Louis — Wolff's
Springfield — Coles Big & Tall
Clothing
Springfield — Meri

MONTANA
Kalispell — The Mens Store

NEBRASKA
Kearney — Ayers Clothing
Lexington — Ayers Clothing
Lincoln — Ben Simon's
Omaha — Londons
Omaha — Ben Simon's

NEVADA
Las Vegas — Harris & Frank
Las Vegas — Schwerin Bros.
Las Vegas — Silverwoods

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Lebanon — Tom's Taggery
Manchester — Milton's

NEW JERSEY
Browning Fifth Ave — All Stores
Hahnes — All Stores
Jack Lang Clothes — All Stores
Lakay Co. — All Stores
Bogat Kant — All Stores
Wallachs — All Stores
Allan Cris — Julea Fat Men &
Young Men
Bergenline — The Gentlemen's
Quartet
Bound Brook — Archie's Men's Shop
Burlington — Paisly's
East Orange — Mink's
East Brunswick — Millers On
The Trail
Edison — Aashia Jacobsen
Hackensack — Kortich's
Manicai — Mohrs
Mt. Holliam — Eizenson's
Paterson — Gimbels
Paramus — B & B Lowys
Paramus — Rogers Peet
Rocky Hill — Jack's Custom Shop
Toms River — Feldman's, Inc
Trenton — Jack's Custom Shop
Westfield — John Franks
Wildwood — Slanlard Reed
Woodbridge — Oerbers
Woodbridge — B & B Lowys

NEW YORK
Bloomingdales — All Stores
Browning Fifth Ave — All Stores
Field Brothers — All Stores
Gimbels — All Stores
B & B Lolays — All Stores
Rogers Peet — All Stores
Wallachs — All Stores
Albany — Specials
Auburn — Hemick's Men's Shop
Binnis — B R G Clothes
Brooklyn — Eppys
Buffalo — The Rienhens Co
Buffalo — Riverside Mens Shop
Canandaigua — Shenkman's Inc
Cortland — Hub Clothing
Endicott — Schapiro's Men's Shop
Auburn — Hemick's Men's Shop
Hempstead LI — Marsh's
Ithaca — Weinat's
Johnson City — Ben's Clothes Shop
New York City — Mc Creery Ltd
Rochester — Ross Mens Wear
Port Washington LI — Chistlow
Brothers
Rochester — Lan Devyn Ltd
Spring Valley — Nat Kaplan
Staten Island — Gathers
Stony Island — Archie Jacobsen
Utica — Wahs A G Fennish
Watertown — Boys & Mens
Specialty Shop

NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville — The Men Store
Charlotte — Hollis Hart Cio Co
Charlotte — J. D. Jennys
Charlotte — Tate Blowen
Durham — Van Sleadons
Greensboro — The Hub
Greenville — Guy Hill's
Goldsboro — Wright's
Henry — Wsst Deel Co
High Point — Waghi's
New Bern — Hill's
Raleigh — The Hub Ltd
Raleigh — MaLeod Welsch & Lenier
Rocky — Wright's
Southern Pines — St Bishop's Ltd
St. Pauls — Joe Suzors
Wilmington — Fay Roe R Company
Winston-Salem — Nine Barby Co

NORTH DAKOTA
Sioux Co — All Stores

OHIO
Akron — Koch's
Akron — Lauck's
Akron — Jack Sloems Big & Tall
Canton — The Hosard
Cincinnati — Perlus
Cleveland — B R Bebri
Cleveland — Jack Steeens Big & Tall
Columbus — Welkeis
Dayton — Eldar Baerman
Dublin — Welkeis
Euclid — Carnik's
Findlay — The Taggery
Greenville — Lytle's
Hamilton — denhal's
Massillon — The Hub
Steubenville — Myer & Stone
Toledo — Hudson's Man's Store
Toledo — Hughes A Hollher

OKLAHOMA
Altus — The Surray Shop
Ardmore — L. O. Hammons
Edmond — McCall's
Enid — Richeid's Ltd
Hartzick — Ros E. Curtis & Son
Lawton — Fieldson's
Mc Alester — L. O. Hammons
Muskogee — S & Q Clothiers
Norman — Mc Call's
Oklahoma City — Lesoleil Mens
Apparel
Oklahoma City — McCall's
Oklahoma City — Mr. Buck Inc
Oklahoma City — Mr. Dale's
Oklahoma City — Mans Wear
Oklahoma City — Napoleon Nash
Oklahoma City — Bianaid's Ltd
Oklahoma City — Bolteschild
Quapaw — Lowys
Tulsa — Toppers
Weatherford — The Surrey Shop

OREGON
Eugene — Meier & Frans
Eugene — Rosenblalls
Portland — Meier & Frank
Portland — Rosenblalls
Salem — Meier & Frank

PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown — Squires Ltd
Altoona — Benton
Beaver Falls — Linla T. Millar
Bloomsburg — Recusin's
Butler — McCorlan's
Chambersburg — Roy Mays Sons
Chester — Faank's Mens Shop
Easton — Lenny's
Edwardsville — Recusin's
Erie — P. A Mayer & Sons
Erie — Jack Lang Clothes
Gettysburg — The Village Shop
Greensburg — Gengewale Long
Hanover — Tiano R Weibert
Harrisburg — Lowys Inc
Johnstown — Miller's Clothing Store
Kittanning — Maessle & Son Inc
Lancaster — Seyles Shred &
Snyder
Langhorne — Jack Lang Clothes
Lebanon — Lawn's Inc
Lewistown — Bob Davis
Lock Haven — Hoy's
Meadville — Weiden
Nanticoke — Al's Mens Shop
Pittsburgh — Hostetter's
Philadelphia — Boyd's
Philadelphia — Jacob Reed's Sons
Philadelphia — Strawbridge &
Clothier
Pittsburgh — Executive Mens Shop
Pittsburgh — Sel Mintz
Scranton — The New Si Fatbes
Scranton — Schanbel's
St. Marys — Ivan's Men's Shop
Washington — Sal Mintz
West Chester — Robert Norris
Mans Shop
Williamsport — Ullmon's
Waynesburg — Cecil & Keck

RHODE ISLAND
Dennally's — All Stores
Wallachs — All Stores
Barrington — Hansen's
Battle City — St. Onge's
West Warwick — St. Onge's

SOUTH CAROLINA
Anderson — Meyers-Arnold
Charleston — Ballin's
Greenville — Heyward Maheir Co
Greenville — Mascis-Arnold
Myrtle Beach — Nelsen's Mens Shop

SOUTH DAKOTA
Rapid City — Bilquist's
Rapid City — Seeley's
Sioux Falls — Norman's Mens Wear

TENNESSEE
Chattanooga — Ike Talvers
Knoxville — Frankenberger's
Knoxville — Schiman's
Memphis — James Davis For Men
Memphis — Goldsmith's
Memphis — Lansky Brothers
Memphis — Louis Lelles Clothier
Memphis — I. Rosen's
Nashville — Belmont Mens Shop
Nashville — Joseph Frank & Son
Nashville — Websters Clothes
Tullahoma — Clyde Phillips

TEXAS
Abilene — Blackburn Bros
Austin — Frank's King Size Clothes
Austin — Metcalf Schaeffer & Bloom
Austin — Jack McLains
Austin — Deco Poisons Mens Wear
Austin — Scrubgrubs
Austin — The Taggery
Beaumont — Ducoles Towne Shop
Beaumont — J. Howard Ltd
Bryan — Tremont's Men's Wear
Corpus Christi — Coshion's Man Shop
Corpus Christi — Hutchins
Corpus Christi — Lichtenstein's
Corpus Christi — Winsteads
Dallas — Kleilies Kloset
Dallas — Bob Fenn
Dallas — Frank's King Size Clothes
Dallas — Irby-Meyers
Dallas — E. M. Kahn & Co.
Dallas — Tall E Me
Dallas — Toppers Mens Wear
Dallas — Jos. A. Wilsen
Denison — L. D. Hammons
Denton — Bomeas The Shop For Men
El Paso — Al's Shop For Men
El Paso — Union Fashion
Ft. Worth — David's King Size Clothes
Ft. Worth — Cosa
Ft. Worth — L. D. Hammons
Ft. Worth — Wesher Bros.
Galveston — Esay's
Gonzales — Dygeons
Houston — Bob's Mens Wear
Houston — Foley's
Houston — Josar's
Houston — Leopold Pike & Rolle
Houston — Rooney's
Houston — Zindisk's
Humble — Bob's Mens Wear
Kingsville — The Men Shop
Longview — Hurwitz Mens Shop
Laredo — Lichtenstein
Lufkin — Frank's King Size Clothes
Mc Allen — Ron's Shop For Men
Mc Allen — Valley Main'andis
Odessa — The Medal Shop
Orange — Guillin's
San Antonio — Alterman's
San Antonio — Lee Mendlis Iz
San Antonio — Frank Bros
San Antonio — Hutchins
San Antonio — Joseph's
Sherman — Toppers Mens Wear
Spring — Bob's Mens Wear
Temple — Daniel's Mens Wear
Tyler — J. Mashad's
Waco — Coss

UTAH
Salt Lake City — Arthur Frank

VIRGINIA
The Hub — All Stores
Woodward & Lothrop — All Stores
Arlington — Ted Lewis Shop
Alexandria — The Quality Shop
Charlottesville — The Young
Mens Shop
Lynchburg — Sclet's For Man
Lynchburg — Lawrence Reed Ltd
Hill — Caroliet Shoppe
Melrose — Embassy Fathea & Son
Newport News — Clayton's
Norfolk — Shulmon's
Petersburg — Ungers
Springfield — Tee hours Shop

WASHINGTON
Seattle — Pregeas
Spokane — Harvey's

WEST VIRGINIA
Beckley — Lilly's Man's Shop
Charleston — Frankenberger's
Charleston — Kelley's Men's Shop
Clarksburg — Maiel's
Huntington — Amsbary & Johnson
Wheeling — L. S. Good & Co

WISCONSIN
Appleton — W. A. Close
Black River Falls — K. Fallos
Clo Co
Chippewa Falls — The Boston
De Pere — The White Store
Eau Claire — The Boston
Green Bay — The White Store
Kenosha — Chippewa's
La Crosse — Newbaug's
Madison — Hughes & Hetsher
Madison — The Hub
Milwaukee — Boston Store
Milwaukee — Bretinger's
Milwaukee — Gimbels
Milwaukee — Hughes & Hetcher
Milwaukee — Jacobson's
Milwaukee — Schmitt Orlow Stumpfs
Oshkosh — W. A. Close
Tens — R. Fallos Cio Co

PUEBTO RICO
FRANK'S — All Stores
Las Americas — Gonzalez Padin
Mayaguez — Nelsi Hnos
Ponce — Demenech Siste
Rio Piedras — Puerte Rico Elegante
Sanjuan — Tops
Santurce — Gentleman
Santurce — Gonzalez Padin



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against us last night." That was true. The Orioles got eight hits off Steve Busby in 5⅓ innings en route to a 7–1 win, and not one of them was a clinker or a clunker.

As if things were not bad enough in Minnesota, where the Twins have lost 23 games by one run, on Nickel Beer Night the game—won, oddly enough, by the Twins 3–0—lasted only one hour and 57 minutes. That is hardly enough time to blow the foam off a stein of lager. And to think the opponents were the Brewers.

The Angels' Nolan Ryan became the third pitcher in baseball history to strike out more than 300 batters in consecutive seasons—Sandy Koufax and Rube Waddell were the others—when he fanned five Red Sox in the first two innings. All too typically, however, Ryan lost the game 4–0, his 16th defeat of what has been for him an extraordinary season of triumph and loss.

Jim Kaat, newly sold from the Twins to the White Sox, told everybody how happy he was to be in Chicago because "the Twins had a rebuilding program and I didn't fit in." The Sox, he added, were "the sort of team that will make use of a veteran." These unprophetic words were scarcely out when the White Sox announced that for the rest of this season they would be rebuilding—making use of young players, not veterans. They really do not have much choice since most of their veterans are injured, anyway. At week's end they announced that Dick Allen, who broke his left leg in June, would be out for the rest of the season. He joins Ken Henderson (bad knee) on the season-long disabled list.

"It would be nice for a change not to be down 9–0 in the fifth," said Texas Rangers Manager Whitey Herzog, summing up his team's entire season.

OAK 76-32 KC 73-57 MINN 60-67
CAL 36-67 CHI 59-66 TEX 43-83

NL EAST

The Cardinals, losers of 13 out of 17 games, continued to hold on to the division lead. Asked if under the circumstances he would mind being called a "cheese champion," Manager Red Schoendienst philosophized, "If you win a pennant, you can buy a lot of cheese. Limburger, Cheddar, Wisconsin, Swiss." On those rare occasions when the Cardinals do win, the credit must go to sometime starter Jose Cruz, who twice won games during the week with homers, one as a pinch-hitter. Cruz, batting only .232, leads the team with 12 game-winning hits.

One reason for the Cardinals' unwarranted ascendancy was the Pirates' reluctance to overtake them. With opportunity knocking, they just cannot seem to get the door open. Reliever Dave Giusti typifies this stop-and-go syndrome. On Friday he gave up a game-winning homer to Atlanta's Dusty Baker in the ninth, only to come back the following day and pitch three scoreless innings to record his seventh win.

The Cubs, meanwhile, have been regaining some of the ground they lost during their dreadful midseason retreat. They won five of six games with Western Division contenders Los Angeles and Cincinnati and were playing the heads-up baseball they did during the first weeks of the season. Paul Popovich won one game against the Reds with his first homer of the year and the 13th of his major league career. In the clubhouse afterward, he was greeted by this inscription on the blackboard: RUTH, 714. AARON, 704. POPOVICH, 13.

"Injuries are part of the game," said Montreal Manager Gene Mauch, mouthing a bromide that nevertheless most aptly describes his team's fortunes this season. Since July 8 the Expos have lost, for various periods of time, Shortstop Tim Foli, Second Baseman Ron Hunt, Centerfielder Jim Lyttle, First Baseman Mike Jorgensen and now Catcher John Boccabella, who went on the disabled list with a fractured little toe on his left foot. Cruelly enough, all of these regulars were at the top of their game when struck down. The Expos are getting the breaks, for sure, the sort they put casts on.

Greg (Bull) Luzinski, the powerful Phillies' outfielder, was hitting everything in sight. Against San Diego he smashed a three-run homer, a double and, but for the intervention of teammates, the Padres' Bill Greif. Objecting strenuously to a brush-back pitch tossed at teammate Bill Robinson, the Bull charged at San Diego Pitcher Randy Jones. Foolishly, Greif got in the way. Only quick work by other Phillies prevented the Padre from being . . . well . . . Greif-stricken.

The Mets, prospering only occasionally from outstanding pitching, had another see-saw, so-so but hardly ho-hum week, in which six of seven games were decided by one run. On Friday they beat the Giants' Juan Marichal 1–0 for only their eighth win over him in 12 years. Then on Saturday they lost to San Francisco by the same score.

ST. L 65-63 PITT 62-63 CHI 62-66
MONT 60-67 PHIL 36-66 NY 58-69

NL WEST

As a student of the game, the Dodgers' Joe Ferguson is strictly Phi Beta Kappa. Wallowing in the sort of slump that might leave a lesser player flustered and confused, Ferguson simply boned up on fundamentals. First he chastened himself for "losing concentration," then, after studying films of himself at bat, decided he was "standing up too straight and putting equal balance on each foot." This upright, well-balanced character, said Joe, "was not me. I should be hitting from a crouch and putting all my weight on the right foot." Ferguson's next seven hits went for extra bases—a game-winning home run against the Cubs, four doubles against the Mets and two homers against the Phillies. He ended his streak with a single, then added a sacrifice fly which helped the Dodgers to their 34th come-from-behind victory.

The Reds' Bobby Tolan is apparently of a different school. Flustered and confused by his season-long slump, he took it out on the team's Director of Player Personnel, Sheldon (Chief) Bender, in a heated clubhouse argument over a medical appointment Bender had arranged for him. Observers said the two men had to be physically separated. Tolan was fined $350 and advised by Manager Sparky Anderson that he was not welcome in the clubhouse until he apologized to Bender. When Tolan refused to say he was sorry, he was placed on the 15-day disabled list. Without him the Reds were the only ones close to the Dodgers, largely through the good work of Pete Rose, who has hit in 54 of 60 games, Tony Perez, who batted in 20 runs in an 18-game stretch as the team's new cleanup hitter; and rookie Dan Driessen, who drove in five runs to end a four-game losing streak.

The Giants' Ron Bryant rates superstition over scholarship in his quest for the league's Cy Young Award. He won his 19th game with 19 pieces of bubble gum in his back pocket and with his by now celebrated teddy bear rooting him on from his appointed seat on the bench. Bryant's teammate, Tom Bradley, obtained last winter from the White Sox, pitched his first National League shutout, but he needed help from a 15-year-old New York fan to get the 1–0 win over the Mets. The boy gave the Giants' Garry Maddox an extra swing when he caused Mets Catcher Jerry Grote to miss an easy pop-up by reaching over the box-seat railing for the ball. The reprieved Maddox then singled in the winning run off Tom Seaver.

Houston's Jerry Reuss won his 14th game, then lamented that it should have been his 18th. "But," said he sagely, "I have nobody to blame but myself for not doing it."

The Braves have played at a .600 pace since the All-Star break, largely because, as Davey Johnson noted, "We could put runs on the board in the Grand Canyon." Johnson personally clobbered three home runs during the week, which left him in a tie for the league lead with 35. Henry Aaron hit his 32nd and career 705th, then succumbed for several days to a stomach virus.

The San Diego Padres are gaining on no one and, generous to a fault, they snapped a four-game Montreal losing streak by collapsing 13–3 on Saturday.

LA 80-46 CIN 77-54 SF 71-52
HOUS 67-64 ATL 63-68 SD 47-81

Script by Shakespeare

Dalmonica Hanover won tha $150,000 Intarnational, with tha French entry, Una da Mai, third, and tha Russian horse, Othello, a tragic last

The Russians thought they had a new folk hero, one who would rank right there with Valery Borzov and Olga Korbut, with the Olympic basketball team and the baker who invented black bread. They shipped him 4,806 miles from Moscow last week, a 4-year-old chestnut trotter with a pink nose and the unlikely name of Othello, and they smiled a lot when they said he had won 24 races and lost none. And they frowned when they were asked whom he had beaten.

"What does it matter who he has beaten?" asked an honestly puzzled Alexander Georghievich Martinenkov, the chief of horse breeding for the U.S.S.R. Ministry of Agriculture. It was just a few hours before last Saturday night's $150,000 International Trot at Roosevelt Raceway, and Martinenkov was obviously weary of politely defending Othello's impressive but incomplete credentials. In Russia horseplayers wager on win only, and the memory of horses that run second lasts about as long as an empty vodka bottle.

"I don't care if he raced against three-legged pigs," said Lew Barasch, the Roosevelt publicist, who was just happy to have lured *any* horse out of Russia for the first time since Osman finished last in the United Nations Trot at Yonkers in 1966. Soon after that disaster the Russians retired their top horseman, Yevgeni Dolmatov, and decided to retire their horses from U.S. competition. At least, until they had bred and developed a superhorse.

While losing apparently was bad enough, ex-Comrade Dolmatov was also accused of spending money like a capitalist, and that's when they punched his ticket to the farm. If things had turned out differently in the International, possibly they might have brought him back. In 1960 Dolmatov gave $40,000 of the state's money to Del Miller for Lowe Hanover, now Russia's top stallion and the sire of Othello. The scene for Dolmatov's vindication was set. But they played it the way Shakespeare wrote it. At the wire, it was Miller's Delmonica Hanover followed by eight others, and then Othello—a tragic last.

"My God," Miller shouted. "I don't believe it." Neither did anyone else. Just six days earlier Roosevelt officials had intimated that Delmonica Hanover hadn't even qualified for the race. In the past, the top two finishers in the American Trotting Championship were named as the U.S. representatives in the International, and Delmonica, with John Chapman driving, had finished second behind Billy Haughton's Spartan Hanover. But then Roosevelt officials decided only the winner qualified. Enraged, Miller called George Levy, the track's top executive, who said he thought someone had promised the French that there would be only one U.S. horse. Miller's reply isn't recorded, but after hearing it Levy said he would double-check. The next day the track told Miller to bring his horse.

Earlier Count Pierre de Montesson, the owner of Une de Mai, the great French mare who won the International in 1969 and 1971, had inquired if Delmonica Hanover was for sale and for how much. Miller had said maybe, and for $350,000. Later in the week an Italian



SPARTAN HANOVER (3) TROTTED IN FRONT ALL THE WAY UNTIL DELMONICA HANOVER (8) SPURTED TO EDGE HIM AT THE FINISH

group asked him the same question and he said, "Yes, and for $400,000." And by Sunday morning the price had risen to $500,000.

Une de Mai had won only two of her last eight races, and it was said that at the advanced age of nine she was slipping. "Ha," smiled Jean-René Gougeon, the dapper little driver-trainer. "In her last race she easily won at 2½ miles. She is still the big money winner. She is as great as ever, but not always."

Taking him at his word, and since no one could figure out the field anyway, Une de Mai was touted as the early favorite. Carosio, the Italian entry of Gina Biasuzzi, was the second choice, but the 6-year-old was nervous and was kept blindfolded until just before the start of the race, and when they uncovered his eyes no one was sure what he would do on a strange track.

"Never mind the horse," warned Soren Landin, a Swedish trainer. "Watch the Italian driver. They are all crazy. If you get in their way, they are just as liable to go over you, or under you, as around you."

The Russians, meanwhile, were having problems. Remembering Dolmatov, they weren't about to lay out a single ruble. Before they would come, Roosevelt had to agree to pick up all expenses, including $16,000 in air fare. When the Russians arrived, the track discovered expenses included two helmets for Driver Yevgeny Mosienkov and other equipment.

"We always make up special helmets for the International," said Lew Barasch. "But when the Russians sent Mosienkov's size, they sent it in centimeters, 18 centimeters. One of our geniuses at the track figured that out to be 6⅞. It sat on Mosienkov's head like an egg. He wears a 7⅛."

The Russian asked for a helmet that fit. "Oh, no," Barasch groaned. Then he remembered that a special helmet had been made for George Levy for publicity pictures. It was a size 7⅛.

"Would you mind using a helmet with the name Levy on it?" Barasch asked. "It looks very nice."

Mosienkov said he'd rather have one with his own name; Levy isn't one of the more popular names in Russia. It was Saturday morning, but Barasch said he would figure out something. He left. An hour later he returned, his shirt and hands covered with white paint. "It's done," he sighed. "I had to kick in the door of our paint room and I painted it myself. It's the most God-awful, worst-looking helmet you've ever seen. But at least it will fit, and I'll just tell Levy somebody stole his."

"Yeah," someone said. "Tell him Howie the Horse snatched it."

Howie the Horse is Howard Samuels, the head of New York City's Off-Track Betting Corp. and a long and bitter Levy antagonist. But when the track landed the Russians, Samuels decided the race could be a financial bonanza for both sides. He went to Levy with an offer of $50,000 to help promote and televise the race. Stunned, Levy said yes. For a nice big slice of OTB's action, of course. "Of course," smiled Samuels. But on the day of the race OTB's computers broke down for three crucial midday hours, and an estimated $80,000 was lost.

"Just think, if Bill Hopkins had kept on singing that day in Moscow," Barasch said with a grin, "this might have been a nice dull race."

Lou Miller, a former trainer who had been assigned by the track to handle the Soviet group's requests, shook his head. "You kidding us, Lou? What song?"

"We had been inviting them over for a couple of years," Barasch said. "They kept saying no and we figured they'd say no again this year. Then I get this telegram that says come to Moseow. Right now. We went to Moscow. Right then. And, bam! they agree to come."

To celebrate, the Roosevelt group, which included Barasch and Bill Hopkins, the track's vice-president and treasurer, took a group of Russians to dinner at a Georgian restaurant in downtown Moseow. Hopkins began to sing. He opened with an old Irish song, dazzled the crowd with two quick George M. Cohan numbers and then decided he should close with the University of Pennsylvania's alma mater. "Hail! Pennsylvania! noble and strong." Hopkins felt a Russian interpreter's elbow dig deep into his ribs. "*Nyet. Nyet.* No more," she said.

"What's the matter?"

The interpreter leaned close. "That tune is taken from an old Russian song, *God Save the Czar*."

In the paddock at Roosevelt an hour before the race, Mosienkov, the Russian driver, paced nervously back and forth near his horse. Spotting Lou Miller, Mosienkov rushed over and began spouting Russian while making sign language.

Miller nodded impassively. "Twenty meters," he said.

Mosienkov smiled and walked away.

Karl-Gustav Holgersson, who drove Sweden's Emter W., looked at Miller. "What was he asking you?"

"How the hell would I know?" Miller said. "I can't speak Russian. He's been doing that all day. I always answer 20 meters and it seems to make him happy."

How good Othello is no one found out. Used to the cinder tracks of Russia, he was confused by the strangeness of the rubber surface at Roosevelt, broke at the gate and never recovered. The Italian driver, Giancarlo Baldi, discovered he had similar woes. Carosio broke and crashed into Emter W., taking both horses out of the race. Up front Haughton moved Spartan Hanover into the lead and waited for Une de Mai. She never came.

"I was afraid to move, I was afraid Haughton would park me," Gougeon said later.

Quickly, it was a three-horse contest: Spartan Hanover, Une de Mai and Delmonica Hanover. As they swept into the stretch of the 1¼-mile race, Del Miller watched in disbelief. "We're still in it," he said, and then Chapman, who drove a brilliant race, made his move.

"I could feel her tiring," he said later. "She started to bear in. We rarely put the whip to her. But now I gave her just one good touch. Her head came up, and her eyes almost bugged out and she took off."

Delmonica Hanover raced past the French mare and caught Spartan Hanover at the wire. "Did you win?" Haughton shouted at Chapman. "I don't know, did you?" Chapman shouted back.

Gougeon drove up and nodded at Chapman and said, "You win."

Upstairs, Miller shouted, "We were second. Ain't it great? Hey, what's Chappy turning back for? He thinks he won. My God, that's our number, we did win. I've got to get to the winner's circle." A blur of red and pinks, Miller raced through the crowd, took a wrong turn and wound up on the wrong side of the winner's circle. He was cut off by a wall of Plexiglas. They began bringing out the trophy. "No, no," Miller shouted, his fists banging against the glass. "Wait for me. Wait for me. Chappy, make them wait." **END**



STEVE RAJEFF LETS ONE GO IN THE TWO-HANDED SPINNING DISTANCE COMPETITION

He leaves 'em reeling

"What are they fishing for?" somebody asked. "Grasshoppers?" They might well have been, these people with fishing rods standing out there on dry land. But they were tournament casters, who do not rise at dawn or carry a net, and the big ones never get away from them. Not far away, at least. Always the quarry is there before them—a distant point on a field, a rubber ring in a pool—for rising in the caster's dreams are not trout, but the flat trajectory of his next cast, a record one for sure.

Salmon could be spawning in the caster's bathtub but the fish would be safe with a competition near. And that is how it is in northern California now. In the streams big trout are slurping dry flies, but a major threat to their security is in San Francisco—fishing, as they say, for grasshoppers. His name is Steve Rajeff, and he is a 16-year-old casting prodigy. In two weeks he flies to England for the world championships, so the trout are safe for a while. That is more than can be said for the world's best casters who will face Steve.

Last year, at 15, an age at which most casters are at the minnow stage of development, Rajeff became the youngest ever to win the national all-around championship. And two weeks ago in San Antonio he won it again, demonstrating such precocity and calm under pressure that a much older caster was heard to mutter, "The kid's got concentration, strength, timing, everything, damnit."

There are 12 different events in the all-around competition—six are for distance, on grass, and six for accuracy, in a pool, half are with flies, the other half with plugs—and Rajeff had five firsts, three seconds and two thirds.

The ⅜-ounce plug competition for distance is a fit opener. To start with, there is this thing about the line that is used. As 65-year-old Steve Aleshi said, "It's finer than the hair on my head," and he removed his hat to reveal utter baldness. The breaking strength of the line is under one ounce, with a short length of heavier line at the butt end to withstand the snap of the cast. Steve Rajeff brought a little insurance line with him, 24,000 yards of it, wound on a tiny spool originally used for sewing thread.

Rajeff was third in the ⅜ event. His best cast was 409 feet, portentous enough for his future competition, last year his best cast was only 353 feet, and he finished seventh.

His improvement was even more striking in single-handed distance fly casting. As always, the three best of five casts were averaged in each distance event, and Rajeff's 196 feet beat his own national record of 191⅓ feet, set two years ago.

Rajeff took a third in two-handed distance fly casting, in which he was 10th last year, and second in the ⅜-ounce distance spinning event. But all this did not bring down the house. There was no house. As spectator sports go, distance casting is not one. On the field at Fort Sam Houston were the 12 all-around competitors and the judges and three or four young boys darting around far downfield, planting a forest of little metal markers where the plugs fell. But the only other signs of life were puzzled drivers who slowed as they passed.

Rajeff had held the 489⅓-foot average record in the two-handed distance plug event, which is another stunt that employs a spinning reel, but with an elongated spool. Then he and a 27-year-old Texan named B. L. Farley each broke it, with 508 feet. It was windy in Texas, but wind-aided records are official. Farley won with a longer single cast of 523 feet but it was too late for him to win the all-around. Earlier, in the ⅜-ounce distance competition, he had three times broken his line. And Rajeff won another distance fly event at the end of the second day, the halfway point, and now the grasshopper fishing was over. Rajeff was in the lead with only 26-year-old Terry Schneider within casting distance, and it was on to San Antonio's Hemisfair pool.

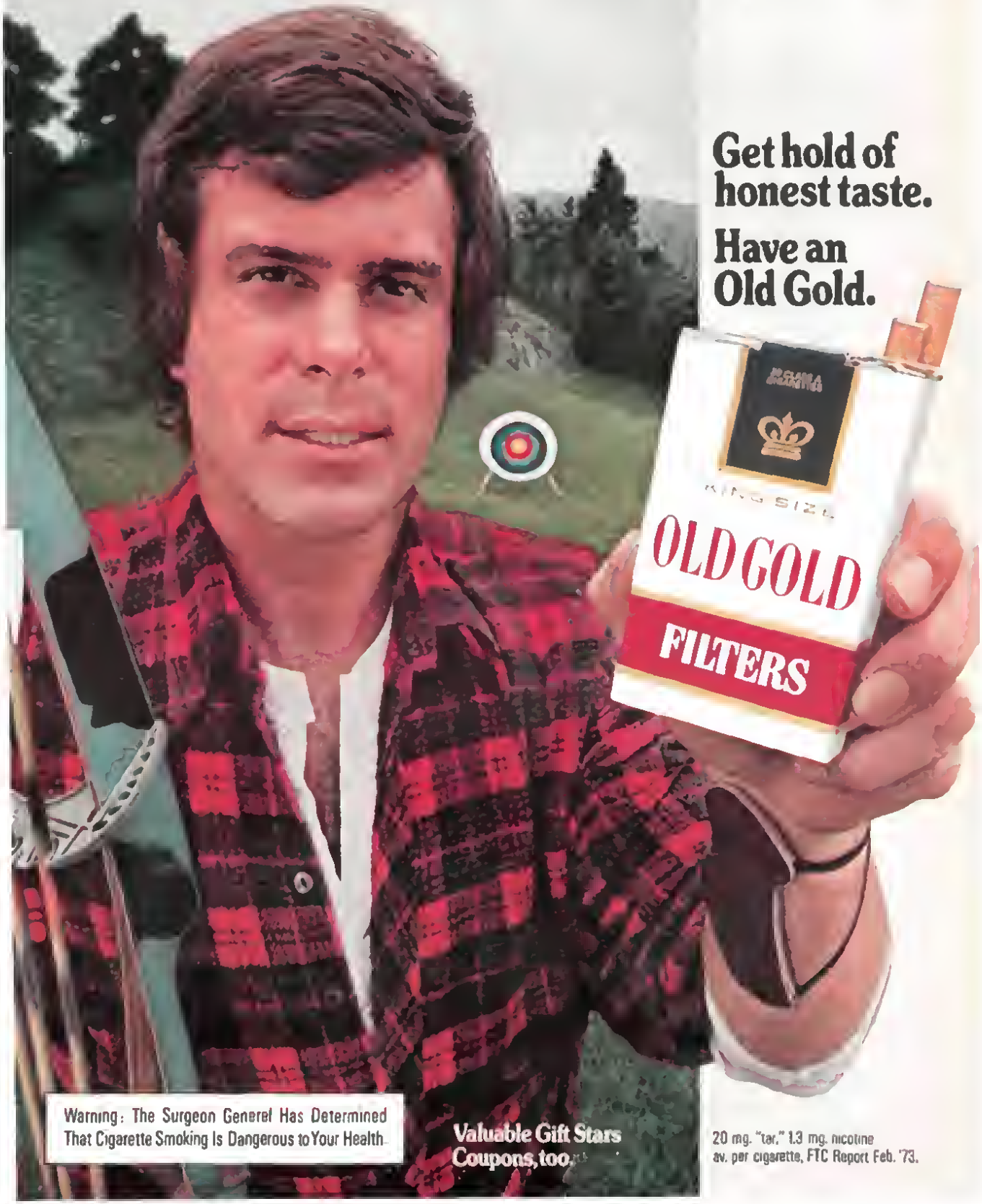
Rajeff had come a long way since catching his first fish, a tiny rainbow trout, on a worm, with a plastic bait casting outfit. He was five years old then, but his skills grew in spurts. He began hanging around the pools of the Golden Gate Angling and Casting Club. He got a fly rod for $1.50 at what he calls a junk store. He found someone to coach him, and learned to cast a little. At 10 his dad bought him a better fly rod, and a month later he entered a tournament and beat his coach.

Steve Rajeff was 10 the first time he used his fly rod on real fish. Trout were rising all over the Truckee River and he got so excited he forgot everything he had learned. At San Antonio he forgot nothing. He scored 99 points in the dry-fly accuracy event, but Farley, hoping for a miracle, had scored a perfect 100. And now it was Schneider's turn. Accuracy targets consist of 30-inch rings

continued

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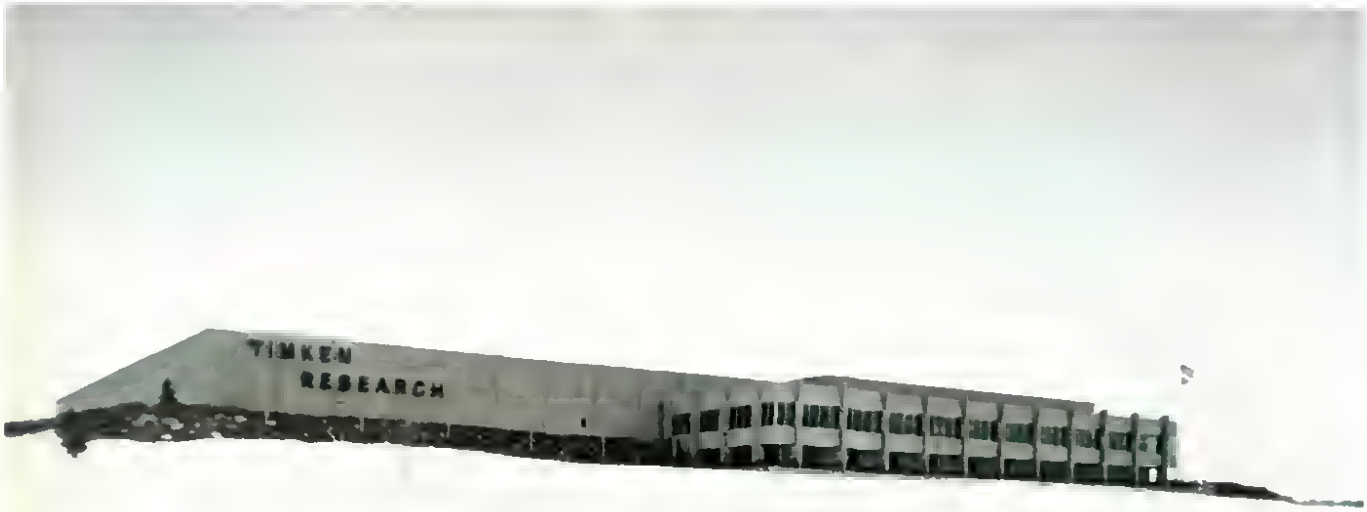
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set inside 54-inch rings, at five varying distances, and on his second cast Schneider missed both rings and lost two points, which dropped him down to 98. Suddenly dispirited, he hurried his remaining casts and scored a 92.

Rajeff was all but in. He won the next three events, two with a plug, and then the trout-fly accuracy, tying his national record in the latter with a perfect 100. Everyone stopped to watch during that one. The Hemisfair monorail train screeched by above his head but he didn't flinch, and one spectator said, "He just seems nerveless. Nothing bothers him."

But Rajeff was used to even greater pressures. His favorite fishing is for big rainbow trout with a dry fly, and one day last June he was in northern California's Lassen County, wading a creek which he will not name. He was using the same outfit he scored the 100 with in the trout-fly accuracy event, and he saw a good fish feeding 50 feet away. It was in a little pocket in the tules, a foot wide and two feet deep. It was dead calm in the pocket, with fast water just outside, and Rajeff dropped the fly in there as gently as a shadow. He mended the line so the current wouldn't yank it out; the fish hit, and during a 10-minute fight it took 30 feet of backing from his reel. It was a three-pound rainbow, which Rajeff landed and released. And that is coolness under pressure.

There were two more events at San Antonio—bass-bug accuracy, in which Rajeff took a fourth (he loves to hug for bass in California's Berryessa Reservoir), and ⅜-ounce plug accuracy. He also tied for fourth in that. Terry Schneider won it, but Steve Rajeff was national champion again.

That night there was a party for the casters at a local brewery. The tickets noted that no one under 21 would be admitted. No exceptions. But they made exceptions, and Rajeff all but wore a trench from his seat to the MC's microphone. He collected an armload of trophies and plaques, and someone called him the Mark Spitz of casting.

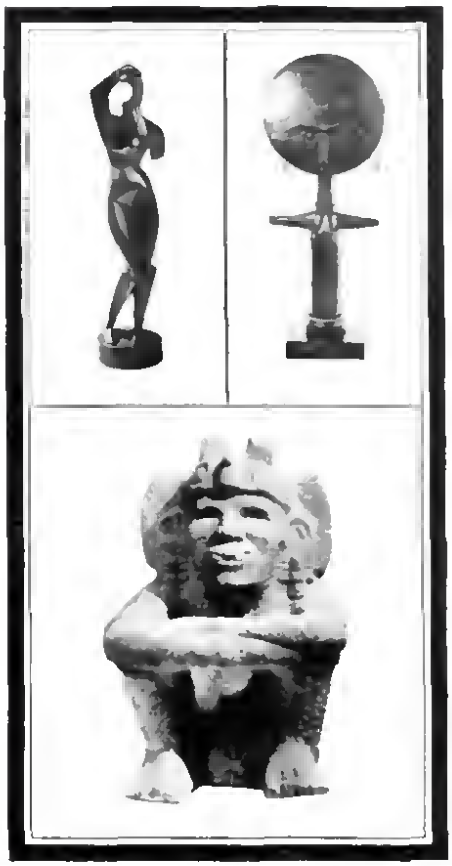
Next morning Rajeff flew home to prepare for the world championships and for his senior year at San Francisco's Lowell High School, where he has a B-plus average. He plays trumpet in the school's symphony band, and he thinks he wants to be a dentist. Those are things that people understand. Not like fishing for grasshoppers. **END**

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BOATING / *Hugh D Whall*

Making a big splash by himself



Single-handed, Jim Hahn let it all hang out to win the O'Day Trophy

Pity poor Jim Hahn, who sails for the Annapolis (Md.) Naval Sailing Association. When Hahn stomped ashore last week after putting on a dazzling display of consistency off the Little Egg Harbor Yacht Club at Beach Haven, N.J., he received a piece of chicken, a few handshakes and a hunk of hardware called the George D. O'Day Trophy. But no one gave him the ceremonial greeting usually awarded victorious skippers. No crewman tousled his hair, no mate grabbed him by the seat of his britches, and no deckhand pitched him into the drink. It was not that Hahn had a crew of nontraditionalists, he had no crew at all. When it comes to sailing or celebrating he does it single-handedly, and by winning the O'Day he proved that when it comes to working alone no one in North America does it better.

Sixteen solo sailors, chosen by eliminations in eight areas of the country and from the Intercollegiate Yacht Racing Association, raced for the most important single-handed trophy. With more hair than face, the 28-year-old Hahn typifies the gypsyish skippers who take to this sort of racing. Self-reliant, he thrives on being a muted one-man band, handling all the lines and sheets that control a single-handed boat, steering, working out tactics, watching for critical wind shifts and all the while tracking the opposition. To keep the boat flat requires weight, so he trains on pizzas. But lest his 185 pounds of pizza power get out of apple-pie order, he stays trim by running and by riding a 10-speed bicycle.

After a stint playing end at Ohio Wesleyan and a hitch in the Navy as an E-3 he proudly managed to remain an E-3 throughout his enlistment. Hahn says that virtually all he has done since 1966 is single-handed sailing. He travels around the country in a dark green van with a bunk and stove on which he cooks huge, cheap meals. At Beach Haven, where contestants were housed in private homes, he startled his hosts by immediately going out to buy armloads of TV dinners for his diet.

Hahn, who is also a sometime sailmaker, last October bought himself a Laser, the 13-foot catboat selected for the O'Day series, "just to keep my hand in." It is a good thing he did, for one of his toughest challengers, Don Trask, is a Laser builder.

At 43 Trask is an old man by single-handed standards, and his age showed itself in the form of a variety of aches and pains. The California representative was forced to visit a chiropractor from time to time throughout the series to remove the kinks in his back. Otherwise he was the picture of health. Trask weighs 227 pounds, and every ounce of it is perfectly distributed. Single-handers do not walk, they stomp, and when Trask stomped down the dock, it shook. Their stomping comes from hours spent with their feet hooked under hiking straps as they hang as far and as low out of the boat as possible. In previous single-handed regattas this year, Trask had whipped Hahn. Now the younger sailor was ripe for some stomping of his own.

The Laser is the perfect boat for this kind of racing. With a small cockpit and a single sail, it is not so simple that top sailors find it boring, yet it is unsophisticated enough for beginners to handle, providing the weather remains docile. In a blow this slip of a boat can turn into a speck of light that flits from wave to wave when it is not capsizing. Good sailors can right their Lasers so fast it is virtually part of their racing technique. Skippers often don wet sweat shirts weighing a maximum of 24.2 pounds for better ballasting in heavy winds. At one time any number of sweat shirts were allowed, and lighter sailors often ended up as wide as they were long. In the interests of safety, this practice is now forbidden.

The 10-race series began on a sparkling day, and two factors that would remain constant throughout the regatta immediately became evident. An expanse of water uninterrupted by land, Little Egg Harbor is a nearly perfect racecourse for small boats, but it also suffered from an incursion of floating eelgrass that fouled both rudders and centerboards. Some sailors quickly developed a technique for clearing centerboards without losing much ground, while others were still having trouble in the 10th race. All sailed with their rudders partially cocked up. That meant less grass, but also poorer control for the skippers.

The other thing that soon became clear was that Hahn knew what he was doing. In one-design regattas it usually takes a leg or two of the course before one boat can work out any sort of lead. Somebody

forgot to tell Hahn the custom; by the time he reached the first mark of the six-leg Olympic course he led by more than a minute. After winning the first race by 45 seconds over Talbott Ingram of Rumson, N.J., Hahn said modestly, "I'm not that much better than the others. I must have had a fast boat or been on the right side of a wind shift."

At the start of the same race young Bill Pagels from Sayville, N.Y. became embroiled in a dispute with another sailor named Ed Shaw that led to Pagels' disqualification. Pagels went on to compile a record that was severely dented by his outburst. He won the second and third races the first day. Hahn finished second and 10th to lead on points at the end of the opening day.

That evening club treasurer Carl Beck, who has sailed Little Egg for years, predicted strong winds the next morning. He was right. With over 20 knots of breeze flinging the tiny boats about, the second round of races was made for the heavyweights. By the lunch break the lighter sailors were all in favor of calling it quits for the day in hopes the next would bring quieter conditions. Trask and the rest of the heavies wanted to sail a third race. "Would you like me to go out and give the committee the benefit of my advice?" offered Trask hopefully.

Hahn favored going out—but only if he could defeat Trask. "It wouldn't make me happy to beat some of the 140-pounders, but beating Don, that would make me happy," he said before the day's last race. He did it by one place and a gap of more than a minute. "I don't like getting far out in front of the fleet," grumbled Hahn afterward. "There are no tactics involved out there. All you have to do is sail the boat."

The lightweights received no relief the next day when a low-pressure cell shoved across the New Jersey coast. The wind was wild, the harbor woolly. Hiking straps began to pull out under the strain of feet tugging against them, and boats were capsizing in every direction. Some crashed to starboard, others to port, and some tried to go end over end. At the conclusion of the only race that day, Talbott Ingram had survived to take first. Hahn was second.

Everyone except Ingram had capsized at least once, and Ogden Ross from Maine gave up counting after his 10th mishap. Trask did not actually turn over, but he twice heeled so far that it was decided to give him an honorary capsize. The fleet sped over the course in less than 50 minutes, which must be a record for these small boats.

By finishing a very safe second Hahn practically ensured himself overall victory—providing he was cautious during the final day's races. He was precisely that and went on to beat Trask by a whopping 18.3 points. Chris Boome, a boat hardware salesman from San Francisco, finished third with 74.2 points.

When he came ashore from the final event soaked and tired, Hahn looked around half expectantly. But of course there was no one on hand to throw him into the water. **END**

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The Hopeful goes to an unlikely winner

In a year of the vanishing 2-year-olds, undistinguished Gusty O'Shay, who just three months earlier could have been claimed for $5,000, went off at 9 to 1 and led all the way to top a field of seven at Saratoga Spa

Being ushered to the winner's circle on major stakes days at Saratoga has always been something like an invitation to a financial discussion at the boardroom of Chase Manhattan. Only the big boys get in. Until this summer, that is.

First, Riva Ridge took a shellacking. Next, Onion knocked off the mighty Secretariat in the Whitney. Then along came a sprinter named Annihilate 'Em to outlast seven rivals in the mile-and-a-quarter Travers. Finally, last week's 69th running of the Hopeful—a 6½-furlong 2-year-old stakes with immeasurable prestige—was won by a big chestnut gelding named Gusty O'Shay, a 9-to-1 shot. As late as May 24 Gusty O'Shay could have been claimed for $5,000.

Oh, a few things went as predicted. In winning the Alabama, Desert Vixen just about wrapped up the country's 3-year-old filly championship. And the day before the Hopeful, Talking Picture added the Spinaway to her victories in the Schuylerville and Adirondack, putting her several lengths ahead of the rest of the nation's 2-year-old fillies. But even that win was not accomplished without a pre-race incident. While being posed on the morning of the race, Talking Picture broke away and, after a hair-raising, un-Olga Korbutlike flip, landed flat on her back. This should have been enough to convince the densest of trainers to retire the filly for the season. John Campo, however, is not the densest of trainers. He covered up the nasty cut on Talking Picture's nose and sent her off less than 12 hours after her gymnastics to a stiff, six-furlong war. She coasted home by 2½ lengths.

It was the sort of performance Saratoga deserved this year. Despite such horrors as Secretariat being sidelined the day of the Travers and the presence for the first time of off-track betting facilities at nearby Schenectady, the 24-day meeting set a record handle ($36,675,881, almost $200,000 more than the previous year) and came close to drawing a record audience (419,103, about 13,000 fewer than in 1971).

Even in a year when the country's 2-year-olds are something less than sensational one might have assumed that the Hopeful would be won by a runner with credentials finer than Gusty O'Shay's. Among the seven starters were Az Igazi, whose name means "It's the real thing" in Hungarian and who seemed like that in winning both the Saratoga Special and the Sanford; the improving Take By Storm, a son of the Argentinian champion Pronto and a Bold Ruler mare; and Prince of Reason, who is by Hail to Reason and Home by Dark.

Gusty O'Shay is something else. His breeders, sisters Helen Hopkins and Lola Peters, picked up his dam for $2,500 in a claiming race. When they discovered the nerves of one foot had been operated on they were unsuccessful in calling the deal off. What they got instead of their money back was a free season to the stallion Rose Argent, by Double Jay who is out of a Sailor mare named Rose. This is old Brookmeade Stable and du Pont blood and not to be scorned. Neither, so it turned out, were the services of black trainer Harrison E. Johnson, a 33-year-old former exercise boy for Brookmeade and for Trainer Horatio Luro. In between jobs around the Maryland and West Virginia circuit, Johnson used to pop up to Washington to vent his frustrations at racing's strange ways by driving a bus. Having survived that, he has now assembled a six-horse public stable, including two owned by Hopkins.

Gusty had no real problems. After losing his first two races (both for a $5,000 claiming price) at Penn National and Shenandoah, he won a $7,500 claiming race at Delaware Park and then won twice more before it was decided to put him in a stakes. The Aug. 6 Saratoga Special was the first. Going off at 19 to 1, Gusty led by four lengths before giving way in the late stretch to Az Igazi.

"We thought we better try those Saratoga horses again," said Co-owner Hopkins, "and that's why we came back for the Hopeful."

The Hopeful was worth coming back for. Gusty picked up $50,400 of the gross purse of $84,000 by leading all the way and holding off a strong bid by Dinny Phipps' Take By Storm, probably the best horse in the race. Storm undoubtedly will do better at longer distances. Prince of Reason was third, while the even-money favorite Az Igazi wound up dead last.

His fine ride by Robert Kotenko notwithstanding, nobody really expects Gusty O'Shay to finish the year as 2-year-old champion. Where, then, are the big guns hiding? Some of the season's early stakes winners like Mr. A.Z., Tisab, Lover John, Raise a Cup, Who Ouzzit and Century's Envoy may be the best around, but that is hard to believe. It may be, as some Saratoga trainers pointed out before shipping back to Belmont Park, that there was more coughing among 2-year-olds this summer than usual. Or, as some of the same trainers emphasize, more of an awareness not to rush these fragile juveniles just for the sake of winning a rich stakes in August when there are richer ones coming along later.

Several decades ago geldings were given a three-pound allowance. This applied even to the Kentucky Derby, which lists seven geldings among its 99 winners. Some horsemen are in favor of reinstating the old rule on the grounds that geldings might keep a few of the better horses in action. Few would ever be an Exterminator or a Kelso—or even an Armed, Bardstown or Native Diver—but at least, having earned stardom in one or two seasons, they would not be shipped off to the breeding shed to satisfy the economic demands of racing's big business. Gusty, hopefully, will ride the circuits for quite a while yet. END

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PACKERS -7 6:00 PM
BEARS -2 6:00 PM
OILERS
STEELERS
VIKINGS P 6:00 PM
BROWNS
RAMS -1 7:30 PM
COWBOYS
RAIDERS -3 8:00 PM
CARDINALS
CHARGERS -1
SAT. AUG. 11
NY. GIANTS -7
PATRIOTS
SUN. AUG.
MON. AUG.
LIONS
K.C. CHIEFS
6 SELLER
FOOTBALL PARLAYS
2
Variety Club of Southern
WE Reserve
THE RIGHT TO
OPEN
SUNDAYS
at 10:30 AM



'Life,' wrate Daman Runyon, 'is 6-5 against.' At least in that game there's no vigarish—the 11-ta-10 adds a baakie gets an each faatball bet, which canstitutes his edge. As if he needed it. Twelve ta 15 million Americans bet pra faatball an any given Sunday (or Monday), and unless they're wagering against each ather, saaner ar later almast all of them lase. In the 1972 season the authar set aut ta see if he cauld buck the odds, have fun and find true lave. 'The National Faatball Lottery,' ta be published this month by Halt, Rinehart and Winstan, describes his quest. The fallawing excerpts deal with some of the characters he met fram New York ta Las Vegas (left). P.S. He won $17,309

by LARRY MERCHANT

LOOKING TO CATCH A ZEPHYR

Visited Frankie the Doorman tonight. He works the lobster shift alone, accompanied by a portable radio that sits on an antique table in a glumly lit lobby.

"I love action," he said. "I crave it. My job is boring. Betting is exciting." To support his habit he works as a doorman in a Manhattan apartment building, is superintendent of the small apartment building where he lives in Queens and plays the saxophone in a band on Saturday night for $50. He bets $20 or $30 a weekend, usually on television games.

Frankie is probably younger than he looks, which is about 50. He has, as far as I can see in the light, no teeth. But he smiles continually, a bushy mustache lending a bittersweet jauntiness to his litany of woe. I imagine he is one of those backbench musicians to whom spectators are attracted because he is having such a good time.

"I used to bet big money," Frankie said, smiling. "I was a big-deal boccie player, believe it or not. Sundays big crowds would come to see me play. They'd bet hundreds on me.

"But it got into my blood, you know. And it's like a dis-

continued

Bet, book and handle

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ease. The bad thing about gambling is that it turns you into a cheat and a con man. Borrowing money, writing bad checks, lying to your friends. I'm not like that. Now I bet a few bucks, go to the track on my day off. Look at this place. I'd go nuts if I didn't have some action."

Frankie's doorman's suit fits him like a quilt. I see him bucking the headwinds of life with a street-wise grit, every once in a while catching the zephyr of a winner and soaring and dancing like a kite.

LOOKING TO CATCH A FEW MIDDLES

Ernie the Postal Clerk, the great grid accountant, spends all his spare time during the football season, at home and on the job, poring over parlay cards. He collects 25 or 30 each of half a dozen different cards, picking them up in bars in New Jersey. He plays 100 or more of them a week, four teams on each card, for a total of $400 to $500. He isn't crazy, either. He says it's hard to find reliable bookies where he lives and "this gives me something to do in the football season."

Parlay cards offer terrible odds for picking four out of four correctly, but they're great because they provide the small bettor with as much action as he wants at negligible risk. The risk is negligible because the odds are so transparently terrible that nobody in his right mind risks much on them. If you pick four winners you get 9-to-1 odds on a 15-to-1 shot (calculated by doubling up the original bet four times).

Ernie says he can't pick winners; what he does is collate the spreads on the various games, which frequently differ drastically from card to card because these cards can be put out by anyone with a child's printing press. Generally they are issued by the people who bring you the numbers and other high-profit capers.

This week one of the cards lists the Lions as a one-point favorite over the Packers, and another has them at seven. Ernie wires the best of both lines (Lions minus one, Packers plus seven) with the best of both lines on three other games. He works his selections and cross-bets on a mathematical basis so he has a shot at a big score if he catches a few middles, or collecting on both sides of a bet—the Lions, say, winning by three or four—while theoretically risking trifling losses.

Ernie said he is behind a couple hundred dollars this season, but he was confident that his numbers game would prove out. He said he won $2,000 last season, busting one hustler in the process. "I beat him out of $2,000, and he paid me half of it," he said, grinning. He didn't seem upset over getting short-ended. It was proof positive he could beat the system.

A COMPULSION TO WATCH

The afternoon I spent with Billy was instructive. They don't write short stories and musicals about the Billys of bookmaking. He lives in a spacious five-room apartment furnished plainly, linoleum on the floors. The absence of his wife, who recently died of cancer, is still a presence. His teen-age children by a former marriage wander in and out, poking into the refrigerator. The 11-year-old boy helps him out sometimes, Billy said. Billy's breakfast was an eggnog with applesauce in it.

This exotic concoction is Billy's only concession to individuality. He guards his anonymity like a herd animal. As precautions against predatory police he doesn't carry a pencil or paper, doesn't own a car, doesn't dress flashily. He seems to have ordered his medium height and clean features from a Sears Roebuck catalog.

Billy sits at a small kitchen table, taking calls. The telephone has a tape recorder hooked up to it. "This way I have no arguments about bets," he said. "If a guy tells me he bet the other team I say, 'Come over to my house, we'll play the tape.' It cost $40 and saved me thousands and a lot of arguments."

Billy marks the bets on a schedule sheet. He said he had about $18,000 bet for the week in all sports. There were nine

Lem Banker, a big hitter from Vegus, says to gamble successfully you need a sound body, a good wife and credit.



calls from noon to the one p.m. kickoff of the first game. When someone would bet a parlay Billy would shrug, as if to say, "What are you gonna do? They want to give me their money."

He said he was holding about $3,000 in bets himself, the rest being processed by his office. He said he was holding a few hundred dollars extra on the Jets (a loser for him), Steelers and Bengals (winners) and Cardinals (push or tie). "I have no opinion," he said. "I bet against the public." The outcome of the Vikings-Rams game would determine whether he had a winning week. Between his office and himself he had about $4,000 riding on the Minnesota-L.A. television game, half favoring the Vikings at four points, half at 4½. "An oldtimer told me when I was starting out in this business never to watch the games—go to a movie, take the family out, anything but watch," Billy said. "But I watch. I have to watch."

Chain-smoking, sitting tensely in an armchair, Billy watched the Vikings and Rams exchange touchdowns as though they were playing tennis. He squirmed, jerked, leaned this way and that in eloquent body English. When Fran Tarkenton threw an unexpected touchdown pass with three minutes left to put the Vikings ahead by 11, he cursed. The Rams, hopelessly out of the game, then put a drive together that brought them deep into Minnesota territory. On the last play Roman Gabriel threw a touchdown pass, the extra point was good to make the final score 45–41, and Billy won the bets favoring the Vikings by 4½. He let out a whoop. "You got to suffer those out," he said.

At night Billy hangs out in a bar where he takes bets from his regulars, but his basic place of business is as domestic as a housewife's: at a kitchen table and in front of a television set. The modern bookie, contrary to Runyonesque legend, has all the glamour of the newspaper rewriteman, the traffic cop, the insurance salesman, the collection agent. He provides a service much in demand, pays promptly, works long hours and, as a devoted adherent of free enterprise and the work ethic should be, he is well rewarded.

The decision of the New York police force to harass only those bookies who are involved in deadlier games merits three cheers and an I'll-drink-to-that.



Bob Martin is, in effect, the commissioner of games betting in America: he sets the line that millions play.

A BOOKIE'S BOOKS

I know a bookie in suburban Boston who has a master's degree and pays a suburban couple $300 a week to use a room in their home as an office (from noon to two p.m. and six to eight p.m., the traditional working hours of bookies). The bookie has two clerks. In 1971 he grossed approximately $7.3 million, handled $4,645,000 himself and laid off $2,655,000. He furnished these approximate figures (bookies ordinarily don't keep books) on the bets he personally handled:

	Volume	Profit
College basketball	$ 225,000	$ 20,000
Pro basketball	770,000	61,000
Football (college and pro)	1,240,000	97,000
Hockey	280,000	51,000
Baseball	2,000,000	–12,000
Horse racing	130,000	–2,500
Total	$4,645,000	$214,500

He said that his operating costs, including $20,000 in bad debts, came to about $60,000. He made $155,000 profit.

THE MOVER

I finally met The Mover, a professional gambler who bets $250,000 a weekend for himself and for pros in other cities. He is tall, 50ish, foppish and he has mod-length white hair that could be a powdered wig. We talked in a midtown coffee shop near his penthouse apartment.

He said he didn't want to be quoted because the courts, under new legal precedents, might force me to reveal his identity. I assured him that if pressured by the law, I would develop amnesia or claim the interview was fiction. Researching an illegal activity, one can't be choosy about sources and methods. Besides that, I didn't know who he is.

He said he still had trepidation. I agreed not to quote him directly.

The Mover introduced me to the world of "betting groups" and "point scalping." And to the role of Las Vegas in pro football betting.

There are betting outfits or groups around the country who pool their resources and bet large sums, up to $25,000 a game in a few cases (but, The Mover emphasized, nowhere near the bets of $50,000 and up that were fairly common 15 and more years ago). The groups usually are assembled by a handicapper who works on a percentage or for a salary or both. The handicapper may be an expert in a particular sport rather than in all of them. He is in effect a private tout. He has contacts in the inside-information network of handicappers. The biggest groups have men working for them in Las

continued

Book and handle *continued*

Vegas, placing bets for them, reporting on changes in the line.

(A lawyer I know in the South recently told me that a client of his, a mother of two children, was a "bag woman" for a betting group. He said she flew regularly to Las Vegas to pick up and deliver money.)

The Mover said the line used to originate in Minneapolis, that the biggest layoff office in the country was in Cincinnati, that there were major offices in Miami, New Orleans, Chicago, New York, Boston, Detroit, Los Angeles. The laws banning interstate traffic in gambling information have wiped out most of the major offices. As a result Las Vegas has become the center, the New York Stock Exchange, for what remains of interstate betting. The official line now originates in Las Vegas.

The Mover said he does not deal interstate as much as he once did, but he still "moves money" for groups in the Midwest, upstate New York and New England. (All interstate calls are initiated on public telephones; most of his are incoming.) He said that in many cities it is difficult to get a big bet down, especially as game time approaches, so groups funnel money through him to big offices in New York. When there is a consensus of opinion or a hot handicapper, he adds his own money to the bet. He spoke contemptuously of young hustlers—obviously raised by permissive parents—who won't put in the phone time necessary to coordinate such an effort. They have it too easy, he said.

The Mover provides his service in return for money-backed handicapping—an opinion isn't worth beans, he said, unless it's backed by money—and for the opportunity to scalp points.

Scalping points is another sophisticated money-manipulation technique to skim a piece of the action. A handicapper in Buffalo calls The Mover and says he'd like to get down for $8,000 on the Redskins, giving no more than four points to the Jets. The Mover, being in constant touch with bookmakers, knows that there is 2½ and three available. He tells the man in Buffalo that he has a bet, and he himself bets as much as he can at 2½ and the rest at three. Should the Redskins win by three or four, The Mover wins a free bet. During the course of a football and basketball season The Mover may make a thousand bets, and he is bound to cash in some of those free bets. (The handicapper may be doing the same thing on the other end, telling his clients that he has made a bet at a half or full point more, or less, than he actually has, giving himself a free bet.)

The Mover said he does not work on a percentage, as some such money men are said to. He said the bulk of his income is from accumulated betting.

I asked him how he was doing this season. "You can quote me on this," he said. "Terrible. Guys in Vegas have gone to the vault 14 times. We're breaking even in the pros and getting murdered in the colleges."

The Mover said that on Mondays he can bet into what is known as the out-

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law or early line, into which a few select bettors are allowed to bet limited amounts. The resultant fluctuations determine what Tuesday's official line will be. But he prefers to wait until the end of the week, when all the information and opinions are digested by the handicappers he relies on. He said that he himself knew nothing about sports. He said he made money on horse racing, college basketball, college football and pro football in that order. He does not bet baseball.

THE FIXER

I spoke to a former NFL player today who said that he—himself personally—had taken part in "six or seven" point-fixing conspiracies. In one of them, he said, 11 teammates were involved.

I believe him. His revelations have the quirky ring of truth.

I consider myself neither naive nor cynical about these things. It would be foolish to ignore the possibility of larceny when there is so much money at stake. I suspect that there have been, are and always will be isolated incidents.

Having said that, I must admit I was startled by what I was told. The NFL has never uncovered a single case of a fix, at least for public consumption. I was now getting chapter and verse on fixes plural.

I was getting it in Boston in an airport restaurant. We met there because the ex-player had spent his career in the NFL before the merger with the AFL, and we felt that since he was relatively unknown to begin with, the chances of anyone recognizing him in an AFL city were none or less. He is big but not huge. A broken nose is the only physical clue to his past.

He said that he began by betting on his own team when it was a very bad team and was listed as a big underdog. "I was dumb," he said. "I always bet on myself. I always thought we would win. We always lost. We'd be a 14-point underdog and lose by four touchdowns."

I asked him where and with whom and how much he bet.

He said that he hung out with other players at a bar. He bet with a bookie. "Never more than $300." He said he didn't know whether other players were betting.

How did he get started betting against himself?

"I was making six, eight, 10 thousand a year. I hated the owners. They treated you like dirt. They were wearing $200 suits and I was wearing a beat-up sport jacket. My motivation was to get back at them. At the end of the season I'd have a few hundred bucks if I was lucky and no job. I was susceptible to anything that came along."

"What came along?"

"This guy I was betting with said he'd bet $350 for me if I made sure we went under the points."

"Just you?"

"Me and two others. A cornerback and a halfback. I think we were underdogs by a touchdown. We lost by about 24 points."

"What did you do to lose by that much?"

continued



Transcontinental Insurance Co., Transportation Insurance Co., Valley Forge Insurance Co., Valley Forge Life Insurance Co., CNA Casualty of California



Book and handle *continued*

"That's the crazy thing. I didn't do anything. I wasn't in a position to do anything. I never felt I was deliberately playing to lose. Maybe subconsciously I was. But I never felt that I was trying to lose. I wouldn't know what to do. I wasn't going to let my man beat me because my job depended on that. I always played my man honest. I just didn't do anything extra."

"How often did you do that? Was $350 all you ever got?"

"Four or five times in a couple of seasons. Always after we were out of the race or at the end of the season, when the games didn't count. I got $1,000 for one game, the last one. I didn't have to do anything, but I was prepared to try something. A 15-yard penalty at a crucial point. I don't know what. We might've gotten into big money, but the halfback was cut and we lost out. I was traded after the season."

"Did you do anything with the new team?"

"Before the last game of the season my roommate [an All-Pro] told me I'd get $300 that Sunday if I did what he told me to do. I wasn't even sure I was starting. He said, 'If you get in late in the game, listen to me.' I found out 10 other guys were in on it. I didn't play but I got the $300."

The player finished his career with a third team, which was a contender.

"Did anything go on there?"

"I never did anything. I was making the most money in my life, $15,000. I was treated fairly. I had a job in the off-season. But I was still dumb about it. We had a shot at the playoffs one season. We had to win the last game. A few days before the game a cornerback asked me if I knew where he could bet. He wanted to bet $500 against us. I told him I'd make the bet for him and kept the money myself. I was booking the game. Can you imagine anyone being so dumb that he would bet on his own team even though he knew a guy on the team was trying to lose? He was right. We didn't stand a chance. But I thought we could win. I always thought my team could win."

I asked him if he ever rejected an opportunity to make money at his team's expense.

"Once. They asked me to sprinkle a powder on some food at the training table before a game. It would have given everyone the runs. I could have made $5,000, but I didn't have the nerve. I

would have done it, but I was afraid of getting caught."

I asked the player how, as an athlete, he justified his involvement with gamblers.

"When you become a professional—and even when you're in college—it's not a game anymore," he said. "It starts in college. A football scholarship is a joke. Anyone who wants to get through college can work his way through. You're paid to play football. By the time you're a senior you realize it's a business. When I turned pro I was treated like an athletic bum. If they treated me decently, if they helped set me up in a community, I would have played my heart out for them."

"Do you think they're fixing games today?"

"I don't think it goes on like it did. The organizations are better. The pay is better. The outside money is better. But if a guy was offered $10,000 tax free, it might be the same as me taking $1,000. I wouldn't condemn a guy who did it. It's strictly business, and that's how business is done. I don't think the game is crooked, but one or two guys might be doing business."

"Do you do that in your business? Do you cheat your boss?"

"No. Because he treats me decently. When business is good he gives bonuses. He talks to me. He treats me like a human being. I take pride in the organization."

"Do you bet?"

"No. A few years ago a guy I knew as a player called me up and said he had information. I followed him for a while and we won. Then we lost, so I quit. I still can't pick winners."

THE MAIN MAN

Bob Martin ran a bookmaking operation with two associates in a house across the street from the State Department in Washington (laying odds, no doubt, on everything from the Berlin Airlift to the Bay of Pigs). They were arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to up to five years in prison. The case went to the Supreme Court, stewarded by Edward Bennett Williams, the trial lawyer who is now president of the Redskins. Evidence had been gathered through presumably illegal eavesdropping equipment.

Bob Martin was so certain the verdict would be reversed that he took 10-to-1 odds from one of his associates, $1,000 to $100, that the decision would be 9–0, unanimous, a forfeit. When the decision was handed down he was sunning in Miami.

"I knew what the call was about as soon as I got it," Martin said in his office at the Churchill Downs Race and Sports Book, one of several bookmaking emporiums in Las Vegas. (Martin is no longer with Churchill Downs, now being employed at the Dunes Hotel.) "I didn't ask for the verdict, I asked for the score. It was unanimous."

Bob Martin is 53 years old. He has a prominent forehead and Nixon-like jowls and brown X-ray-vision eyes that give him the look of a wise old cherub. He grinned warmly as he spun the yarn, relishing it, I thought, because yarns like this are the chocolate soufflé of the eight-course banquet that the world of gamesmanship is to him.

"I middled a Supreme Court decision," he said, delighted to see the glee in my baby blues.

This is a story that defines Bob Martin perfectly as a man of nerve and conviction, the qualities that make him The Main Man of bookmaking.

Bob Martin is in effect the commissioner of games betting in America, the David Rockefeller of odds and spreads. He is an ordinary, pleasant, likable fellow whose word is taken as gospel by a multibillion-dollar industry.

He has achieved his status in the free marketplace of betting because he is better than anyone else at his job. He said one thing that describes his preeminence: "I don't bet money—I bet faces."

What this means is that he couldn't care less if you or I walked off the street and wanted to bet him the mortgage on a football game. He would smile, write the bet down and stick the mortgage in a drawer. He would not move the line a half point. But, he said, if a professional, a man whose opinion he respects, bet a couple or three thousand or more, then and only then might he make an adjustment.

That is profound. It is the essence of how the line is formed and what makes Bob Martin the last of the super bookies. Unlike lesser men, who nervously shift the line around, Martin refuses to be intimidated by public money (except on the Super Bowl, where the volume is overpowering). He has absolute faith in his own judgment, refined by a consensus of betting pros and backed by the 11-to-10 odds bookies get—the vigorish. Just tell him what you want to bet and you're down. He is willing to take financial risks because he knows that you are likely, over a period of bets, to stay down.

Martin conjures a line every Monday evening from a witch's stew of records, power ratings, horned toads and intuition that includes a feel for how the public backs certain popular teams—this season the Dolphins, Redskins, Steelers and Packers—called public teams. That's the only concession he makes to public taste. He has a UPI sports wire in his office, keeping him abreast of developments (*i.e.*, serious injuries).

The final stage: "I ask myself whether I would bet a game at a number," he said. "I keep moving the number until I feel I wouldn't bet either side. That's the number."

The numbers are exposed to "eight or 10" pros during the day. This is the outlaw line or the early line or the service line. Martin has a limit (higher than his competitors') that can be bet into this line at half-point increments (as bookies universally do). If he makes a game three you can bet it to the limit, then bet it again at 2½ or 3½, as the case may be. This process shakes the line down to the hard numbers that will be posted for all comers Tuesday.

Martin conceded that the system is imperfect. But nobody has come up with a better one, and it works—which is all that counts. "I make mistakes," he said. "I might like a team and stay with my opinion too long. I think I've had about 15 losers in a row on my opinion. Last year we lost quite a bit on football because there were an unusual number of middles. The numbers we had were too good, so they weren't good for us."

What he meant by that was that the biggest danger to the bookie is a game landing right on the spread, say four, because he might have had bets on 3½ one way and 4½ the other. On the weekends, when the pros and betting groups make their big plays, Martin adjusts the spreads accordingly in a large-scale repeat of the Monday shakedown. He takes no interstate calls for betting purposes, but it is altogether possible that bets are relayed to him by local representatives of groups and individuals from around the country (the same representatives who early in the week phone out reports of Martin's line and changes).

A paradox in Martin's perception of

continued

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the pros is that he is more willing to pit himself against them than his respect would seem to warrant. His very lack of jitters—"My wife says I'm a robot," he said—in opposing their theoretically well-informed money suggests a certain contempt. He squares the paradox by reminding you of the *11-to-10*.

"I'd like to go on a cruise with any of them," he said. "If I have the 11-to-10 they won't beat me."

"What about dry land, though, where the pros supposedly have access to so much terrific information?"

"Same thing," Bob Martin said.

"How do they make a living then?"

"They do other things. They have ways."

I assume he means scalping (which is a form of bookmaking), betting other pros to avoid the vigorish, touting and "boarding" (betting for groups or for individuals who don't want to broadcast their selections).

"They've had a good season," Martin said. "But I don't believe a player [professional] can beat me. Not year in and year out."

"What about a football player?" I asked him about fixes' suspicious great dumps of yesteryear.

"If a player isn't greedy he can probably get away with it," he said. "But if he tries to make a lot of money it's easy to spot."

"How so?"

He explained why the Chiefs were not bettable for several games in the late '60s. Martin said two or more players were involved in a point-shaving conspiracy. He said they had an acquaintance bet $1,500 for each of them against themselves. The acquaintance, naturally, added something of his own. Suddenly a man who was betting a thousand or two was betting $5,000 or more.

"It pyramids," Martin said. "The bookie they were dealing with smelled something so he bet another bookie $10,000, and so on right down the line until someone in Texas tried to win the whole world. He bet $200,000."

An alarm, a red light, a siren and sunspots went off, alerting the betting community to a probable coup. The Chiefs were taken off the board.

In the course of our discussion on dumps of the past, Martin mentioned a player whose name rang an alert-bell in my head. This player once got himself penalized to avert a late touchdown that would have affected the result for bettors. The player is the one identified by my confessed dumper as having arranged a fix with 11 teammates.

Martin said he was not suspicious of hanky-panky this season nor has he had strong suspicions since the Chiefs. He said there was an NFL official he was "curious about." If his curiosity was aroused again he would first check every game the official worked and then collate that with his memory of where the important money came from on those games. If there is a significant trend, Martin said, he would make sure it got back to Commissioner Pete Rozelle somehow.

"The money always shows up here," Martin said, meaning that whenever and wherever big money is bet in America it will be reflected in Las Vegas, meaning with himself. I asked him why this was so. He cited two reasons that The Mover gave—few big offices, few of those remaining that will take big bets close to game time—and a third.

"We pay," he said. "Some people might not."

What did he mean by that?

He had a parable. "A few years back the mob declared themselves partners with a bookie in Baltimore," he said. "This was in the baseball season. The first week they lost. The second week they lost. The third week they lost. The fourth week they lost. The fifth week the mob declared itself out. They don't like to lose."

Orchid in a dump

"Gambling," said an oldtime gambler known as Cheesecake Ike, "is the worst, meanest business in the world. Everyone hates one another."

If this be true, Lem Banker is an orchid grown wild in a garbage dump. Everyone seems to like him. Gene Mauch, the baseball manager, said of the saintly Alvin Dark, "He's the kind of guy we'd all like to be if we had the time," and that's how Lem Banker is regarded by his peers. They recite his virtues as though he were a Boy Scout: loyal, trustworthy, honest, friendly, industrious, temperate. I'm sure he helps old ladies across the street.

I also marvel at his audacity in betting so many games—and winning.

The credit probably goes to clean living. Although he decks himself out in Las Vegas mod (suede Ike jackets, two-tone shoes), Lem Banker would be thrown off the set of *Guys and Dolls* as an impostor. Few athletes take care of themselves as well, are as dedicated or construct an environment as harmonious to their profession. Animated by a wry feeling of tribal fellowship, he glides unobtrusively among the brasher hustlers and wise guys. He regards *their* schemes and dreams as colorful incense. He regards himself as a businessman in an exciting business.

"A gambler is like anyone else who uses his head in his work," Lem said. "You have to keep a sound body and sound mind. You need a good wife who won't be involved in keeping up with the Joneses. You have to avoid emotional involvements. Gamblers get screwed up when they lose their heads over beautiful women. There are millions of stories about that. You need stability to think clearly. Health, stability, credit. You have that, you have everything."

Lem lives with his wife Debbie and 13-year-old daughter and a menagerie of cats and dogs in a Spanish-style ranch house. There's a pool and a heavy punching bag and gym equipment out back. Lem said he works out nearly every day. He jogs. He rides a bicycle. He takes steam two or three times a week. He is, at 6' 3", age 46, built like a tight end. He doesn't smoke, drinks only socially. But he isn't perfect. He has a sinful weakness for ice cream.

An adding machine on the kitchen table, a typewriter nearby. This is Lem's office. His tools are notebooks crammed with records and ratings, notebooks that are neatly inscribed ledgers, sports magazines and other publications, a telephone with two exchanges, sharpened pencils and colored pens. He is as meticulous as a tax accountant, as organized as the Dallas Cowboys.

Lem emigrated to Vegas from Union City, N.J. 16 years ago. He was an outstanding high school basketball player, went to Long Island University and the University of Miami. "It's ridiculous: you cross the state line and you're legitimate," he said. "I came here because I wanted to be a first-class citizen. I tried to make it in every kind of business, but gambling is the only one I'm good at. It's my profession. If you know what you're doing it's like almost any other business. Sometimes I have losing streaks and I wish I had a normal job, but then I win a few and I'm O.K."

Selling stationery or building sky-

continued

scrapers it isn't. "Lem can't eat without a telephone," Debbie said. Or a transistor radio. Lem tells the story of the gambler who inexplicably cracks up and cries at his uncle's funeral. Nobody understands it. Lem does. The gambler's transistor has just given him a terrible result. Lem has a calico cat that he cradles when he needs to pull a game out. And a lucky sweat shirt Debbie readies for him on television game days. Magic can't hurt.

"Sure there's tension and nerves," Lem said. "But you take the greatest dramatists in the world—Shakespeare, Shaw—they couldn't improve on the scripts you get in ball games."

Lem's philosophy of handicapping and betting can be summed up in three maxims:

"It's a game of values.

"You're only as good as your information.

"You don't go overboard on one game. You're dealing with human beings. Anything can happen. A kid athlete could jump out of the fourth story of a hotel the night before a game to impress a girl."

By a game of values Lem means: "You're in a store. There's something for $125, you wouldn't look at it. But if the same thing cost $25, you'd look at it, maybe buy it. It has value. That's how I bet a game. Certain games, certain teams have value."

Lem is saying that there are known statistical quantities that you start with—the Browns shouldn't be seven-point underdogs at home, the Chiefs seldom cover a big spread, the Redskins are a bargain at six but no bet at eight over some teams etc.—and work from there. One thing I've noticed is that this formula betting encourages Lem to bet on more underdogs than I do and on many more than the public does.

From that basic start he works with information, knowledge, opinion. Despite his businesslike approach, he often bets intuitively, picking a team and then looking for reasons why, as I probably do at times. But he knows the game well. We have discussed games, matchups, personnel and so on at length, and we've come to respect and handicap each other's views. This exchange of ideas is included in what Lem calls information, as it should be. As the season wore on he got increasingly disenchanted with injury reports, declaring that the chances of seizing an advantage on such information in pro football are small today.



"An amateur who wins is just borrowing the bookie's money," says Lefty Rosenthal, who is an all-pro in gambling.

Does he bet only on games or does he have a side dodge? There are so many bettors in Vegas that he probably saves the vigorish by betting with them when he can, but that's hardly a dodge. He can play a money game similar to scalping, or what is known on the stock market as arbitrage, by "buying and selling points." He can bet early in the week anticipating the movement of the line, and sell the bet at a more favorable price later in the week, giving him a free bet.

I told Lem that Bob Martin said no player beats the odds consistently. "Every housewife thinks she makes the best spaghetti sauce and every gambler thinks he's the best," he said, tooling along the Strip in his new Mark IV.

Sayings from Chairman Lefty

They say Lefty is deep. We had a long talk tonight. He's deep.

Frank (Lefty) Rosenthal is a split end to Lem Banker's tight end. Lem hauls in a ton of short passes and breaks a big one now and again. Lefty bets few games, goes for the big ones.

Lefty is built for the role. He is tall and lanky. He wears dark pin-striped suits, white shirts and ties on his casino executive job at the Stardust Hotel. He is in semiretirement as a gambler, he said, concentrating on football and his family. He comes from Chicago, made his reputation in Miami. He is 44. His appearance and attitude forge an exclamation point of thin steel.

"When I bet, it's on the national wire in five minutes," Lefty said.

"I can create an avalanche!" he added, ever so lightly dotting the exclamation point.

Lefty has respect, capital, followers, power. I have no idea what his relationship is with his followers, little men who buzz around him like commas and apostrophes, but when Lefty bets, the betting Establishment salutes, and I suspect they have something to do with it.

The power to cause an avalanche, to stimulate betting on one side of a game, speaks of the reputation Lefty has, and of opportunity. It suggests the power and opportunity of a Rothschild influencing the stock market to go one way so he can buy cheap the other way. You must pick your spots. It is said Lefty went with the Vikings early and the Chiefs late in the 1970 Super Bowl.

"A live underdog is the best bet," Lefty said, meaning an underdog that could or should win the game. "The Chiefs were live."

Sayings from Chairman Lefty.

"The difference between an amateur and a professional gambler is the difference between a general practitioner and a heart specialist. The only similarity is that they're both called doctors.

"An amateur who wins is just borrowing the bookmaker's money.

"You can't be a successful gambler when you're young. You have to go busted a few times.

"There are no geniuses in gambling. It takes a lot of hard work, dedication and discipline.

"You can't beat the [blackjack, crap] tables because of the PC [percentage] and the limit. The only gambling game you can beat is a game of opinion.

"I don't want good luck. I just don't want bad luck.

"I've been a bookmaker and a player. I respect a good bookmaker. But I admire a player. We're on the outside. We're warriors."

Lefty said his only aim as a handicapper is to pick winners; he isn't concerned with middles and other point games. I had to agree it was a distraction. The way to pick winners, he said, is to remember that football is still decided "in the trenches" and by staying two or three weeks ahead of the linemaker by anticipating a team's changing fortunes. Injuries, he thought, are overrated. Of course I loved him for all of that, since it confirmed my own findings. His insights into the specifics of teams and individuals were so dead-on that I got the feeling of comparing political notes with a stranger who had made the same clear-headed, enlightened discoveries. In some cases he went further than I had, startling and exciting me at once.

We discussed the Vikings-49ers game. He said, "Alan Page is the greatest lineman in the history of football." I've thought that but never felt compelled to put it that boldly. A bettor knows Page's worth because he creates such havoc, forcing fumbles and interceptions, that he is indirectly responsible for many scores. (Fran Tarkenton once said that if he were starting a franchise Alan Page would be his first choice, over any quarterback.) I said I liked the 49ers because they run just well enough to throw effectively. He said that without Ken Willard in top form San Francisco doesn't run that well. I said Vic Washington was a pretty good football player. He cut me dead with, "He's a fumbler." (Some pros, wise guys, players I've met have impressed me with their knowledge of the turnover tendencies of various teams and individuals. I haven't concentrated on that as much as I should. *Pro Football Weekly* runs a turnover chart that can be a valuable aid.) I said I liked Steve Spurrier. Lefty said he did, too, "But this is his first big game. Experience is a factor in a big game." I pointed out that Spurrier passed for 300 yards against the Vikings in his only start against them. Lefty repeated firmly, "Experience is a factor."

I was chastened by this exchange. It is perfectly plain why people all over the country are waiting for Lefty Rosenthal to bet. He does his homework. He knows the game.

I asked him about Bob Martin's comment that nobody can beat the 11-10.

He said, "Ask him what happened last year."

I asked Lefty what happened this year.

He said, "Nobody's winning this season. It's a hard, tough season."

Dos, don'ts and guppies

I've been told that if this book were entitled *How to Bet Pro Football and Win Money* I'd make a fortune. I'll settle for a fraction of a fortune by saying that it's possible, but highly improbable, for an amateur to beat pro football.

There's no way I can impart my knowledge and instinct for the game as a betting proposition to the casual fan.

If Lem Banker can admit after a long season of betting—the pros and colleges—that it was a battle, that ought to sober any amateur hotshot.

If Bob Martin says that even a pro can't beat the 11-10 and if Lefty Rosenthal says that an amateur who wins is only borrowing the bookie's money, that ought to be an additional forewarning about what you're up against.

So I recommend first that amateurs limit themselves to parlay cards, which provide action, and social bets, which provide fun.

And, second, since you can't keep a good bettor down, and because I'm all for the guy who pits himself against the odds, I'll set down some dos and don'ts that might save someone a nickel or a dime along the way.

A few all-purpose generalizations:

Winning isn't going to change your life, so don't bet so much that you can get hurt. If that's what betting is all about for you, wear dog tags so they know where to ship the body. This stuff can't help you.

Don't be a pig. Step up your bets a little when you win, but don't try to capture the deed to Fort Knox.

Don't be a fool. When you have the inevitable losing streak, cut down on your bets a little and try to win your losings back one game at a time. There's no reason why a bettor who loses five in a row can't lose six, seven or eight. If you panic, you won't have anything to bet with when your luck turns around.

Putting these generalizations together in one handy football package: Try to win one weekend at a time. That should keep you from blowing your winnings and doubling your losings.

All right, but how do you win? A few pro football generalizations:

Don't try to make money by betting on a bad team.

Don't give more than seven points.

Don't bet an underdog unless you think it can win the game.

Bet a clearly superior team any time it is favored by less than a touchdown.

Bet the team you like regardless of injuries, home field, etc. Those factors have already been included in the line.

Don't bet games in which the weather is likely to be a factor. You're guessing.

Bet convictions, not hunches. When in doubt, pass the game up.

Bet with your emotions, but don't be carried away.

A few generalizations about bookies, betting and the points:

Russian proverb: "Believe not your own brother, believe instead your own crooked eye."

Don't be intimidated by the line. If you think a favorite isn't favored by enough or an underdog is underdogged by too much, bet it. The line is fallible.

Bet on the public (popular) teams early in the week, bet against them as late as possible.

Try to get the best of the line by using two or more bookies. If a game is 3½, 4½, 6½, etc., and you're not interested in it unless you can get another half-point or give a half-point less, tell the bookmaker. He may give it to you immediately or get back to you when and if it becomes available.

Ask for a rundown of the line, not for a specific game. A bookie will take advantage of a bettor if he can figure out on whom he wants to bet.

Don't bet parlays.

Two generalizations for the bettor who can't pick a winner to save his life:

Bet against the movement of the money. If the points go up, bet on the underdog. If the points go down, bet on the favorite.

Raise guppies. **END**

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Aug. 20-26

BASEBALL—Tainan City of TAIWAN won its third consecutive Little League World Series with a 12-0 rout of Tucson. Huang Ching-Huy struck out 16 for his team's third straight no-hitter.

BOWLING—MARTY PIRAINO, who only bowls with the tour during the summer, missed a perfect game by one pin, but his 299 was good for the $6,000 first prize in the Columbia Open in Waukegan, Ill. His nearest challenger was top-seeded Jay Robinson of Santa Susana, Calif., with a 195.

PRO FOOTBALL—Houston upset Dallas 27-24 as Oiler Quarterback Dan Pastorini threw three scoring passes, the third to Running Back Fred Willis with 1:12 left in the game, thus halting a 13-game losing streak. Skip Butler accounted for six more Houston points with field goals of 25 and 42 yards. Using their starting backfield for the first time this season, the Miami Dolphins beat Los Angeles 17-14. Bob Griese connected on his first seven passes for 135 yards while Mercury Morris and Marlin Briscoe scored the two Dolphin touchdowns. The Rams' Ovid Ruy missed four field-goal attempts. Garo Yepremian sympathized, "Everybody has days like that," then added, "but I hope I don't have one for the next five or six years." Cincinnati survived 11 penalties for 135 yards, kept the ball on the ground and defeated Detroit 17-10. The Bengals ran for 181 of their 321-yard total offense, yielding the ball for only 1:35 of the final quarter. With 14 seconds left, the Jets tried to break a 10-10 tie with a 43-yard field goal. The snap was high, St. Louis recovered and Jim Bakken booted a 54-yard field goal with one second remaining. Joe Namath completed eight of 11 for 101 yards and one TD. Cleveland won its second preseason game 20-17 over Atlanta and New England dropped New Orleans 31-6. The Saints could do nothing right as Quarterback Bobby Scott threw five interceptions and the host club had to wait for three Patriot scores before getting its initial first down. Minnesota beat Oakland 34-10. San Diego topped Philadelphia 24-17 when John Sykes scored from the four with 32 seconds left and Washington registered a 20-3 win over Baltimore. The New York Giants bagged their fourth win, a 29-24 defeat of Pittsburgh. Thanks to Spider Lockhart and rookie Linebacker Brian Kelley, it was a bad day for Terry Bradshaw. In a 20-point Giant second quarter, the pair intercepted Bradshaw passes and ran 42 and 39 yards for touchdowns. Pete Gogolak was no slouch either with five successful field goals for New York. Bobby Douglass' 43-yard TD pass to Craig Cotton and two Mac Percival field goals accounted for Chicago's 13-10 win over Buffalo. The frustrated Bills, now 0-4, found release in a brawl at the final gun. San Francisco defeated Denver 43-7 and in the final game of the week Green Bay beat Kansas City 21-16 as MacArthur Lane scored one touchdown and passed for another.

GOLF—In a PGA "doubleheader" in Raleigh, N.C., JOHN SCHROEDER finished 2-up on DeWitt Weaver for the U.S. professional match play title after each had scored upsets earlier in the day, Schroeder beating Lee Trevino, Weaver edging Tom Weiskopf. Beri Greene won the $100,000 L&M Open over Miller Barber on the fifth hole of a sudden-death playoff. The pair was tied at a six-under-par 278 at the end of regulation play.

HARNESS RACING—In the $150,000 Roosevelt International Trot (*page 54*) DELMONICA HANOVER ($22.20) edged Spartan Hanover by a nose. The 4-year-old filly was driven by John Chapman. Favored Une de Mai finished third.

ARMBRO NAOIR ($28.70), driven by Nelson White, won the $85,000 Prix d'Elle for 3-year-old pacers at Blue Bonnets Raceway in Montreal in 1:56⅕, equaling the world record for a ½-mile track. The Airliner colt finished 1¼ lengths ahead of Rob Roi Rilzar, while favored Ricci Reene Time, winner of the Adios, was third.

Another Hanover, BOYDEN, won the 47th Fox Stake in Indianapolis, taking first place in the first heat and second in the next. George Sholty drove the winner. ROMANLINE, who won the second heat, turned in the fastest time for a 2-year-old pacer this year, 1:59 for the mile.

HORSE RACING—GUSTY O'SHAY ($21.20) scored his first stakes victory in the $84,000 Hopeful at Saratoga. Ridden by Robert Kotenko, he beat Take By Storm by 1½ lengths (*page 62*).

MOTOR SPORTS—BUDDY BAKER drove his Dodge to victory in the Nashville 420, collecting $5,250 and his second Grand National circuit win this season. He finished five laps ahead of Richard Petty in a Dodge.

SHOOTING—ARMY beat the Marines by one point to capture the final match of the national high-power rifle championships at Camp Perry, Ohio. The winners scored 2,824 of a possible 3,000 and were paced by Sergeant Arpad Gapol of Fort Ord, with 476 points.

SWIMMING & DIVING—Three world records fell at the AAU national long-course swimming and diving championships in Louisville. JO HARSHBARGER of Bellevue, Wash. broke Shane Gould's 1,500-meter freestyle record with a 16:54.146, and KELNA ROTHHAMER of Santa Clara, Calif. established a new 400 freestyle mark with a 4:18.07. JOHN HENCKEN, a Stanford sophomore, bettered the 200 breaststroke record with a 2:20.523. CYNTHIA POTTER, who injured her back in competition in Minsk last March, was fit enough to grab the women's one-meter diving event but lost the three-meter to CARRIE IRISH of Columbus, Ohio. Irish's teammate DEBORAH KEPLAR took the 10-meter women's platform. In men's diving, MIKE FINNERAN won the one meter, PHIL ROGGS the three and TIM MOORE the platform. SANTA CLARA took women's team honors with 540 points to Huntington Beach's 208. The Bloomington (Ind.) GATORADE SWIM CLUB upset Santa Clara for the men's title, but the victory was protested on the ground that one Bloomington swimmer was not properly accredited.

TENNIS—Australia's COLIN DIBLEY downed Vijay Amritraj 6-4, 6-7, 6-4 for the men's singles championship of the $30,000 Eastern Open in South Orange, N.J. FIORELLIA BONICELLI of Uruguay defeated Lesley Bowrey, Texan, nee Australian, 6-4, 7-5. Earlier in the week 45-year-old Pancho Gonzales reminded fans what a giant he was, hearing Wimbledon semifinalist Alex Mayer, but settled back to do television commentary after Amritraj knocked him out in the semifinals.

EVONNE GOOLAGONG took her second straight Canadian Open, beating Helga Masthoff of West Germany 7-6, 6-4. TOM OKKER defeated Manuel Orantes 6-3, 6-2, 6-1 for the men's singles title in the $100,000 event in Toronto.

WORLD UNIVERSITY GAMES—The best and brightest in Moscow was the U.S. basketball squad, seeking and getting some solace for the American Olympic loss in Munich. Paced by 6'4" North Carolina State sophomore DAVID THOMPSON, who scored 13 straight points in the first half, the U.S. defeated the Soviet Union 75-67. The U.S. women however, lost to the U.S.S.R. 82-44 in their championship game. The host country, as predicted, was the big medal winner with 68 gold, 36 silver and 31 bronze. America was second with 19 gold, 15 silver and 19 bronze. All but three of the U.S. golds were won by swimmers. Jack Tingley of Louisville triumphed in the 400-meter freestyle and in the 1,500 in a Games record 16:02.2.

MILEPOSTS—NAMED. As head coach of the Toronto Maple Leafs, RED KELLY, 46, a former defenseman and forward with the Leafs and Detroit. He has coached the Los Angeles Kings and Pittsburgh Penguins since 1967.

PENALIZED. By the Southland Conference, SOUTHWESTERN LOUISIANA, recipient of NCAA punishment three weeks ago, for recruiting violations. The school was placed on indefinite probation and stripped of track and basketball honors earned the past two seasons.

CREDITS

16, 17—John G. Zimmerman. 18—John Iacono. 19—John G. Zimmerman. 20, 21—Jimel Drake. 22—Wil Terlooui Jr. 45—London Daily Express Pictorial Parade. UPI. 46—Herb Scharfman. 54—Roosevelt Raceway. 56—John Iacono. 60—Tom Triolo.

FACES IN THE CROWD



LISA OEROUSIE, a freshman at Roosevelt Junior High in Port Angeles, Wash., gained her third straight national girls 13-and-under badminton championship. She has also been a doubles champ since 1971, this year she paired with Denise Corlett of Los Angeles.



SHERRYLYNN BROWN, 12, of Columbus, Ohio, set a national age-group record for 12-year-olds, winning the 440-yard dash in 57.9 at the Regional Junior Olympics in Moline, Ill. She bettered the old standard by 1.4 seconds and also took second place in the 220.



JERRY BRESLIN, 64, track coach at Mount Carmel (Pa.) High, has guided his teams to 11 undefeated seasons, winning 131 dual meets and losing only two. Breslin's last dual-meet loss was in 1943, and he had led Mount Carmel to seven state championships.



CALVERT E. SCHLICK JR., assistant superintendent of the Mamaroneck (N.Y.) public schools, became at 45 the oldest fencer to win the North Atlantic Sabre Championship. Representing the Long Island Swordsmen, he finished the tournament with a 15-1 record.



ROY ABRAMOWITZ, a sophomore at Princeton, won the 400-meter individual medley at the World Maccabiah Games in July and shattered Mark Spitz' record of 5:01.0 with a 4:51.4. He was top scorer for the Tigers last season in the 200 and 400 individual medley.



NANETTE CIRCO, 17, of Omaha, captured her third consecutive Nebraska junior women's golf championship, an unprecedented accomplishment in this event. She carded a final-round 78 in match play to defeat Cathy Morrissey of Syracuse, Neb., by four strokes.

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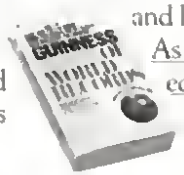
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THE LETTERMEN
JERRY LEWIS
LIBERACE
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GISELE MacKENZIE
DAVE MADDEN
MARCEL MARCEAU
JOHNNY MATHIS
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JOHN McKAY
ED McMAHON
TARO MEYER
JAN MURRAY
NATIONAL THEATER FOR THE DEAF
WAYNE NEWTON
DONALD O'CONNOR
FREDERICK O'NEAL
PATTI PAGE
GEORGE PEPPARD
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JULIET PROWSE & JOHN McCOOK
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REVA ROSE
SANDLER & YOUNG
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MARY STUART
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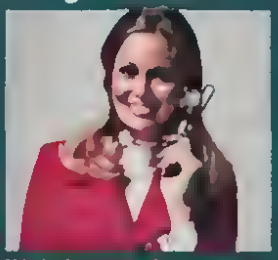
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is my life
Phil Esposito with
Gerald Eskenazi
ON COURT WITH
THE SUPERSTARS
OF THE NBA
NBA

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

STEELER ZEAL

Sirs:

The Immaculate Reception and Other Miracles (Aug. 20) reveals to the whole country why Myron Cope is himself rapidly becoming an institution in this city, rivaled in wackiness only by our politicians, Bob Prince and Steeler history. He would be a great humorist in any field. Lucky for you he chose sports. Lucky for us he chose Pittsburgh.

SUZANNE LUCAS

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

Myron Cope unquestionably captured the elation and zeal of all Pittsburgh and Steeler fans. Only Myron, who grew up in the Steel City, could relate the "sweetness of that 40th year" so well and with such color.

Franco's Italian Army is only part of the reason why everyone in Pittsburgh has a smile on his face and a sparkle in his eyes. The big reason for this jubilation is the Steelers themselves.

DIANE M. BRANAGAN

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

I would like to commend you on your article about the Steelers. The part about Fran Rogel, the former Steeler fullback, interested me the most because he is now the football coach of my school, Highlands Senior High, Natrona Heights, Pa. In just two short years he has transformed a losing cause into a winning team. He still sticks to the play he was noted for on the Steelers: hi-diddle-diddle, somebody's always going up the middle.

MICHELLE PAWLAK

Natrona, Pa.

Sirs:

I have always considered SI talented and big enough to be above crudity and bad manners, but now you come up with an example of both plus something artistically and professionally worse, sophomorism. Your title *The Immaculate Reception and Other Miracles* has all the charm and cleverness of a slap in the face, not unlike the unsubtle vulgarities of a mediocre stand-up comedian. It may indeed be, as your subhead put it, that "The Pittsburgh Steelers arose from the slag heap last season," but Myron Cope, color man for Steeler radio broadcasts, or Sharon Levosky or whatever journalism student dreamed up this headline has yet to rise.

Naturally, if I didn't consider yours a great magazine in its field I wouldn't bother to write. One doesn't waste time on mediocre comedians.

JOSEPH T. MCGLOIN, S.J.

Tacoma, Wash.

DODGER DELIGHT

Sirs:

Although it was long overdue, I wish to commend William Leggett for his fine article about the Los Angeles Dodgers (*Wheelin' Away Out West*, Aug. 20). Whether they can withstand the second-half surge of Cincinnati or not, they certainly have revived the tradition of exciting Dodger teams.

MARK WADE

Mission Viejo, Calif.

Sirs:

I was pleased to see that you have finally decided to acknowledge the fact that the 1973 Dodgers are indeed for real. However, your story was rather unreal. A caption to a picture of Ron Cey states that his homer helped defeat the Giants. The Dodgers lost that game 3–2 in 11 innings. The article says, "Los Angeles flopped off to its worst start ever (1-6)." Wrong again. In 1964 the Dodgers won their opener and then lost seven straight.

LARRY KAHN

Los Angeles

TRUE CHAMPION

Sirs:

I find it hard to believe that Jack Nicklaus was not on the cover of your Aug. 20 issue. He established himself at Canterbury as the greatest golfer who ever picked up a club. Instead you found it more fitting to feature a couple of Dodgers whose team hasn't even clinched its divisional pennant. Come on, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, put the true champions of sport on your illustrious cover.

GARY SCHUAERT

Montreal

Sirs:

Dan Jenkins' article on Jack Nicklaus and the PGA (*Jack Goes One Up on a Legend*, Aug. 20) was up to his usual standard. Nicklaus is the greatest golfer ever and Jenkins told the story well.

But I wish he had given Don Iverson more than one sentence in a paragraph lumping all of the contenders together. I predict Iverson will be one of the stars of the future and that SI will get another chance to recognize his achievement. Better keep your eye on him.

KENNETH O. BLANCHARD
Executive Editor
La Crosse Tribune

La Crosse, Wis.

Sirs:

Granted, sportswriters are a breed apart. Granted, one of them is entitled to a bit of license when a favorite hero finally makes the mark that the scribe has looked forward to for well over a year. But how can Dan Jenkins put Jack Nicklaus' "Book the hunt" in the same rhetorical league with the gems of Neil Armstrong and Abraham Lincoln?

HAL REDWINE

Chattanooga

OBSCURED STARS

Sirs:

We very much appreciated and enjoyed your Aug. 20 article (*No Place in the Shade*) on James (Cool Papa) Bell. It was both sad and infuriating, however, to read of the hardships and frustrations encountered by these magnificent and talented players throughout their careers.

One thing stands out in the reading of the article, and that is the utter exuberance and joyful dedication the black players displayed in pursuing the national pastime in spite of its frustrations and shortcomings. If dedication is a measure of greatness, the black players and their leagues are unsurpassed.

RICK, DONNA and GLENN TANNER

Champaign, Ill.

Sirs:

Thank you for the moving story about Cool Papa Bell's career and life. Even though there are no written records of the accomplishments of the men who played in the old Negro leagues, I am sure that many of them could have played in the majors and perhaps have attained the fame of a Ruth, Gehrig or Cobb. I hope that Bell can now gain some portion of the recognition that is his due by being inducted into baseball's Hall of Fame.

JAMES W. YOUNG Jr.

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

Congratulations are in order for Mark Kram on his fantastic article on Cool Papa Bell and life as it was in the Negro leagues. This remarkably revealing piece gives us an insight into the desperate, concerted effort to get even a single black player into the big leagues. Had blacks come up to the majors 20 years earlier, Cool Papa never would have had to wait this long to get into the Hall of Fame.

KEVIN TETSWORTH

Fort Pierce, Fla.

VALE OF TEARS

Sirs:

Whitney Tower (*Marlboro Country Is a Vale of Tears*, Aug. 13) may be disappointed in the way Secretariat has been commercialized, and I agree that Mrs. Tweedy has overplayed her hand. Yet let us not get so disparaging because our superhorse has lost a race. I'm looking forward to his race against

stablemate Riva Ridge, and the others, regardless of whether Secretariat wins or loses He may have failed to "fire" in the past race, but this has only served to fire my interest to see whether he will come back, like a true champion

WILLIAM T. SEMPLE

Richmond, Va

Sirs

Secretariat's defeat Aug 4 in a mediocre field of older horses tends to prove what I have long believed that he is a very good but not great horse who has benefited from lightning-fast tracks, a weak 3-year-old crop and terribly poor fields

KELLY KARASEK

Berkeley, Calif

Sirs

Whitney Tower says that horse racing is dying in New York It is not dying, it is being killed, not only in New York, but nationwide by the high confiscatory tax take

RAYMOND M BERNHARDT

Piqua, Ohio

BOYHOOD

Sirs

As a young man soon to enter college, I find that the simple, exciting memories of boyhood will be all that I shall soon have, therefore, I was quite taken with Terrence Des Pres' article (*Memory of Boyhood*, Aug 13) This summer I have been working away from my home state, Louisiana, and I have missed all the fun and adventure of fishing on a quiet moonlit lake or frogging on a smoothly flowing stream The story reminded me of the times my father also tried to hand down to me his knowledge of hunting and fishing lore, which had been given him by my grandfather

MICHAEL COODY

Shreveport, La.

HOT GUNS

Sirs

Robert F Jones' story on the 1973 skeet world championship (*Hottest Guns in the South*, Aug 13) was outstanding from beginning to end

However, there was one error that needs correcting The 762 birds that captured the 12-gauge championship this year was not a record The record was established at the world championship at Kansas City in 1968 by Tom Heffron Jr., Groton, N Y , and Allen Buntrock, San Diego, who powdered 800 clays in overtime for a record 1,050 straight These All-Americas were declared co-champions Heffron was a former member of the U S. Air Force shooting team, Lackland AFB, and Buntrock, until his retirement in 1970, had been the leading member of the All-Navy skeet team for many years

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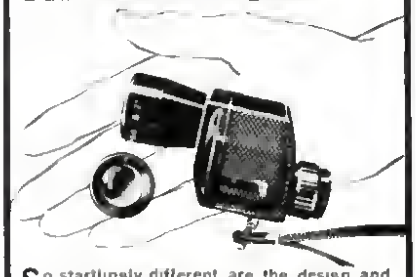
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Jones must be a shooter as well as reporter—he captured the flavor of Savannah right down to the 95% humidity.

M. L. TALBOTT
Commander, U.S. Navy

Norfolk, Va.

APPLES AND ORANGES

Sirs:

I had quite a shock when I read Joe Marshall's article about George Reed (*Running at a Record Pace*, Aug. 13). When an NFL reject is compared as a running back to Jim Brown, I think this is going too far. It is true that Reed has really excelled in the CFL and he must be a great athlete to set such records, but the record of Jim Brown in the tougher competition of the NFL speaks for itself.

MIKE JOSEPH

Lancaster, N.Y.

Sirs:

Come on now, fellows, comparing Jim Brown with a great CFL runner is a little out of bounds. Let's put things in their proper perspective. Like the width of the Canadian football field!

TOM OBAVETZ

Dublin, Calif.

SPORTSMAN

Sirs:

Jack Nicklaus may be the greatest ever. He has been the leader of his sport for a decade and has set the standard against which all others are measured.

Even though he is perhaps the most interviewed and most pressured athlete of our times, he has always met victory with humility and defeat with grace. His talent, his manner and his solid family life make him a remarkable man.

JACK SWEETMAN

Sunnyvale, Calif.

Sirs:

In my opinion, Henry Aaron is the man.

MARK MATHEWS

Anchorage, Alaska

Sirs:

I am an opinionated individual who has several nominations for Sportsman of the Year. Jackie Stewart, who set a new record for Grand Prix victories; Henry Aaron, who will set the home run record this year, Yvan Cournoyer, who was brilliant in the NHL playoffs; and Bobby Riggs, the old guy with the racket.

DAVID LAMONT

McLean, Va.

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